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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

Ancestry—Early Life 1

CHAPTER II

Court Favour—Cabals—Disgrace . . . 16

CHAPTER III

Command in Spain—Historical Evidences . . 45

CHAPTER IV

Capture of Barcelona 59

CHAPTER V

War in Valencia 73

CHAPTER VI

Relief of Barcelona 90

CHAPTER VII

PAGE

DIVIDED COUNCILS—PETERBOROUGH LEAVES SPAIN . 105

CHAPTER VIII

WAS HE AN IMPOSTOR? 138

CHAPTER IX

RETURN—VINDICATION—DIPLOMACY . . . 156

CHAPTER X

CONSOLATIONS OF HIS LEISURE—THE END . . 192

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CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY—EARLY LIFE

For the sixty years of his active career Peterborough was an enigma to his contemporaries. He has remained an enigma to posterity for a century and a half since. Never has a character or a memory been more pelted by writers of authority with contradictory epithets and attributes of praise and blame. He was, we have been told, a man of no true judgment and less virtue. His head was extremely hot, and confused with indigested schemes. A friend declared that his eminent talents were dashed with something restless and capricious in his nature. He was vainglorious, and without common sense. He was wayward, selfish, and ungovernable. Sometimes he would stoop to be a knave. He had a morbid craving for novelty and excitement. He was addicted to frivolous and fickle amours. He loved to preach in coffee-houses, and would play the fool as a ship's chaplain. He would filch away the credit due to others as patriots, and dress himself in borrowed plumes as a soldier. It has even been boldly asserted that in war he showed himself a coward, a liar, and a thief. On the other hand, he has been extolled by authors holding no retainer as biographers, as a kind friend, a

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magnanimous enemy, an able diplomatist, a gifted orator, one of those men of careless wit and negligent grace who scatter without troubling themselves to reclaim a thousand witty sayings and verses, a bad economist for himself, a good and disinterested economist for the State, a general of brilliant invention, and of a courage which rose to the height of fabulous heroism, at once a sagacious and cautious strategist and an audacious moss-trooper. All air and fire, he is described as turning life into a wild romance; as one of the phenomena produced by Nature once in the revolution of centuries to show to ordinary men what she can do in a fit of prodigality. A bitter woman summed him up as a man who to vileness of soul had joined a sort of knight-errantry. An enthusiastic admirer fondly pictured him as a hangdog he dearly loved, and the ramblingest lying rogue on earth.

Here are a few specimens of invective and applause culled from a most abundant anthology. The object of the present sketch is to enable modern readers to pick and choose for themselves.

Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth, Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon, Baron Beauchamp and Mordaunt, was descended from a Norman family. It had allied itself with many other ancient and noble houses, having the gift of attracting heiresses. In the early days of the Plantagenets it had acquired by marriage Turvey in Bedfordshire, where it received the licence of Edward the First to enclose a park. Its representative was created Lord Mordaunt of Turvey in 1532. The splendid domain of Drayton in Northamptonshire had come to him by marriage. The fourth Baron, a

Roman Catholic, was imprisoned for alleged complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. His son, who turned Protestant, married the only child and heiress of Lord Howard of Effingham, eldest son of the conqueror of the Spanish Armada. The marriage gave him the revenues of the Reigate Priory and other estates. Charles the First created him Earl of Peterborough in 1627; but for some slight at Court he embraced the cause of the Parliament, which he served as Master-General of the Ordnance. He died in 1642. His political opinions were not embraced by his two sons, Henry, second Earl of Peterborough, and John. Clarendon names both as engaged in Lord Holland's rising of July, 1648, and as having accepted commissions from him. John's youth renders it probable that the statement should have been limited to the elder brother. Henry escaped to the Netherlands. Subsequently he was allowed to return and compound for his property. He owed the indulgence to the exertions of his wife, Lady Penelope O'Brien. After the Restoration, in 1662, when Portugal ceded Tangier, he was commissioned to receive the keys and was appointed governor. Generally, though he found leisure to assist in the compilation of a learned family history, he was in close attendance upon Charles. He was the only courtier at hand when the King was struck down by his fatal fit. Conversion to Catholicism had earned him the confidence of James also. As his trusted friend he negotiated the marriage with Mary of Modena. Throughout the short reign of James he enjoyed great influence, and was enabled to avenge himself at law for published sarcasms on his secession to Rome. He paid for his ascendency

at the Revolution, when he was impeached and sent to the Tower. He was a fitter object of punishment for his subservience to power than of the scornful compassion Lord Macaulay extends to him as an old dotard. There is no evidence that the tried counsellor of Charles and James ever verged upon imbecility.

His brother John, to whom Clarendon ascribes parts and great vigour of mind, nearly had his career cut short in 1658. Lord Ormond alarmed Cromwell by a visit to London in that year to concert a Royalist insurrection. John Mordaunt was supposed to be a leading conspirator, and was brought before the Protector for examination. He denied all knowledge of Ormond's movements, but two days after corroborative testimony was obtained. He was arrested, with several others, and arraigned before a special court under the presidency of John Lisle. Like his brother, only still more signally, he was indebted to the love and energy of his bride, Elizabeth, co-heiress of Thomas Carey, younger son of the Earl of Monmouth. Clarendon describes her as a young and beautiful lady, of a very loyal spirit and notable vivacity of wit and humour. Evelyn thought her the most virtuous lady in the world, a blessed creature, one that loved and feared God exemplarily, munificent and charitable. He relates, and she with more particularity has explained in her diary, how she spirited away a principal witness, and bribed several of the twenty judges. John was acquitted by the casting vote of Lisle, who acknowledged himself under many obligations to the prisoner's Parliamentarian mother, and "would not say he was guilty, but bade him ask his own conscience whether he were or not." He was

sent back to the Tower; but Cromwell, fearing the odium of a second trial for the same offence, finally permitted him to go abroad. His narrow escape did not frighten him into repose. The register of Fulham Church boasts that he was up in arms for the King the next year, and was declared a traitor by the Rump Parliament. Towards the end of June, 1659, he had come secretly over from Brussels and took part in a futile rising. He hid in London. On the return, however, of the expelled members of the House of Commons he emerged and was exceedingly active. Some conspicuous politicians and officers, for instance Ingoldsby and Huntington, were brought over by him to the Royalist side. According to Clarendon, whom Evelyn corroborates, he was known to be entirely trusted by the King. He was created by patent on July 10th, 1659, Baron Mordaunt of Reigate and Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon. Sir John Grenville and he conveyed messages between Charles at Brussels and Monk, the House of Commons, and the City of London. For a letter from Charles, of which they were the bearers, they were voted by the Corporation a gift of £300 to buy each of them a ring. It was Mordaunt who introduced Monk to Charles at Canterbury on May 26th. His devotion was rewarded by an amount of royal favour which, though in Clarendon's estimation inferior to his merits, brought upon him the especial jealousy and spite of less fortunate Cavaliers. He was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Surrey and Constable of Windsor Castle. For his conduct in the latter capacity towards a Captain William Taylor, or Tayleur, he narrowly escaped impeachment by the House of Commons in 1666-67. Taylor had an office and

rooms in Windsor Castle. The Constable ejected and imprisoned him. Taylor alleged that his crime was the resistance of a daughter to the Constable's gross violence. The House of Commons discussed the matter passionately, but a prorogation interrupted the proceedings, and through the King's influence, as was supposed, they were not resumed. If, as Andrew Marvell took for granted and Pepys inclined to believe, he were guilty, he otherwise bore for his age an honourable reputation. His contemporaries saw no absurdity in the sumptuous monument in Fulham Church, with which his sorrowing widow honoured his memory. He was the father of Charles Mordaunt.

The history of the house indicates a continuous determination not to be obscure, a clear conviction that the Mordaunts had inherited a prerogative to conduct affairs of State, not without the attendant emoluments, and an acquiescence of successive generations in their right. These are family features which help us to analyse the character and career of him whom the last century loved to distinguish as the Great Earl of Peterborough.

Charles Mordaunt was the eldest of a family of seven sons and four daughters. His birth is assigned somewhat doubtfully to the year 1658. No record has been preserved of his boyhood. The name of his school is unknown. The first specific event in his life is his voyage as a volunteer in the ship of Admiral Arthur Herbert, afterwards Earl of Torrington, in Sir John Narborough's expedition against the Algerine corsairs towards the close of 1674. Herbert was his mother's half-brother through her mother Margaret Smith's second marriage to Sir Edward Herbert, King Charles

the First's Attorney-General. Cloudesley Shovel was lieutenant on board the same vessel, and Charles Mordaunt accompanied him on a cutting-out expedition Mordaunt fought in the battle which in February, 1675, reduced the Dey to submission. The fleet, and he with it, returned early in 1677. During his absence his father had died of a fever on June 5th, 1675, at the age of forty-seven, and Charles came home to find himself in his twentieth year Viscount Mordaunt. He very soon married. His wife was Carey, daughter of Sir Alexander Fraser of Durris, Kincardineshire. The good looks she is supposed to have possessed, and the zeal for her husband's interests and fame which endured all tests, did not retain him long by her side. On September 29th, 1678, he and four servants embarked on a frigate, the "Bristol," which was commissioned for service on the Barbary coast. He seems to have shipped as a passenger. Antony Langston was captain, and the chaplain was Henry Teonge, who had taken to the sea to escape his creditors. Teonge quarrelled with him for his ambition on a November Sunday to discharge duties for which his open profession of scepticism scarcely qualified him. Taking advantage of the chaplain's indisposition, "the Lord Mordaunt," writes Teonge in his diary, "would have preached, asked the captain's leave, and to that intent sat up till four in the morning to compose his speech. I got up, and came into the great cabin, where I found the zealous lord, whom I did so handle in a smart and short discourse that he went out of the cabin in great wrath." The ship's company, adds Teonge, "had no prayers for discontent." To show his contempt the young gentleman

directed the carpenter on the Sunday morning to fit up his cabin, when again the chaplain interposed. Mordaunt, determined not to be thwarted, borrowed a hammer and nailed up his hangings himself. But he took umbrage at the interference with his whims, and within a couple of months shifted his quarters to the "Rupert." "So," moralises triumphant Teonge, "the reverend lord's Sunday work is come to nothing." After a year at sea he returned to his bride, who seems now, and for the next thirty years, to have seen him go and come with imperturbable amiability. He did not stay long. In June, 1680, he joined as a military volunteer the expedition despatched under Lord Plymouth for the relief of Tangier, which the Sultan of Fez was besieging. He was with the force thrown into the town, though he obtained permission to leave for England before the end of the year.

At twenty-two he was a husband, a father, and a peer of the realm. Nature had endowed him with varied abilities, perfect health, and a pleasant presence. Small in stature and very slight, the "skeleton in outward figure" of Swift's sparkling lines to "Mordanto," he was full of vigour and vivacity. His features were regular and handsome, and he had bright blue eyes and a delicately fair complexion. The extant portraits, Lord Roden's, that belonging to the Stopfords at Drayton House, and the full length at Burghley House which came from the Poyntzes, were taken of him in advanced life, yet it is not impossible to imagine from them, allowance being made for wrinkles and the vast flaxen wig which replaced his own light brown hair, the headstrong free-lance of politics and warfare. He had, Pope has testified,

the nobleman look, and could condescend without disparagement. Few men could resist him, and fewer women.

In 1680 he was free to choose his part. His father's memory entitled him to favour. His trustee under his mother's will was John Evelyn, who had influence at Court. His uncle, Lord Peterborough, was trusted by the King and the King's brother. There had been a sharp dispute between him and the late Lord Mordaunt over their mother's inheritance, which had been decided in favour of the junior. But it does not appear that the earl cherished rancour against his nephew, who did not practically benefit by the decision. For Charles a character like Mordaunt's was sure to be attractive, on account of its blemishes more than for its virtues. He exhibited the fashionable contempt for religion, and more for morality. If his freaks had exceeded their repute, they would but have gained him the more smiles at Whitehall, had he cared for them. He was not so rich that he could afford to despise them. He had not inherited the Reigate lands. They, through a curious regrant procured by his grandmother from Charles the Second, had descended to John, Lord Mordaunt, but only for life. On his death they went to Earl Henry's daughter Mary. Some portion of the Howard of Effingham estates may have descended to Charles Mordaunt; for a house at Ashstead in Surrey seems to have formed part of them, and there in 1687 his wife was living, and was visited by Evelyn. But his property consisted principally of the Carey possessions, which came to him at his mother's death in 1679. Among them was Villa Carey on Parson's Green, Fulham,

subsequently better known as Peterborough House. It was a spacious square brick edifice. Thomas Carey is reputed to have built it, and he had its many and "extraordinary good rooms" decorated by a Continental painter, Francis Cleyne. It stood in twenty acres of gardens, abounding in fruit and flowers, as well as "large cypress shades, and pleasant wildernesses, with fountains and statues very entertaining." A sweet place for lovers Mrs. Delany calls it, when telling how its lord sheltered there in the spring of 1728 Colonel Mordaunt and his bride, whom her mother, Lady Howe, had turned out of doors for marrying without leave. Evelyn knew it well, and Sayes Court did not disdain to borrow of it tuberoses, orange and lemon trees. One tulip tree, the first planted in England, was seventy-six feet high, with a girth of five feet nine inches. The tree died over a hundred years old in 1756, and the mansion was pulled down early in the present century. By unanimous admission there could not have been a more delightful residence. But it was costly rather than lucrative. On the death of Mordaunt's mother her executors had, therefore, thought of selling it, though they did not. Such a patrimony needed to be eked out, as previously, by Court patronage, and the Court was willing to buy its heir's adhesion.

He received earnest in his appointment in 1678 to a Windsor sinecure, which probably his father had enjoyed, the keepership of the New Lodge. He would appear also to have obtained the reversion of the manor of Dauntsey in Wilts. The manor had been forfeited to the Crown, and the grant to Mordaunt, afterwards enlarged, was made subject to a rent of £300, which he

never regularly paid. Three years later, when he had already manifested his indocility, the gift of a commission as captain of a ship of war was a sign that repentance might still have been accepted. But he had a rooted distaste for Stuart doctrines of prerogative. In that he never wavered. Very soon after he had taken his seat in the House of Lords he threw himself into irreconcilable opposition. He had family associations with the Country as well as with the Court party, and he preferred his grandfather's to his father's and uncle's connections. He saw no inconsistency in a conjunction of ample respect for old descent and the privileges of nobility with contempt for royalty. His well-known though not remarkable witticism, in answer to the Prince de Cellamare's query concerning England, "Sacre t'on les Rois?"—"Oui, Monsieur, on les sacre, et on les massacre aussi," represented his habitual tone with regard to kings. He looked down upon them, he said, from the height of his own greatness. He could not pardon them when they expected sacrifices and did not make them. It disgusted him to hear that neither Charles nor Philip was present at the battle of Almanza, which decided the fate of their rival crowns, though the Austrian Prince, in discountenancing offensive operations, was following his counsels. He wrote to his old adversary, de Tessé, as de Tessé told Voltaire, ridiculing the risk of life for men who would not share the danger. He added that slaves fight for a man; a free man will battle only for a nation. He attended the House in 1680, and was present when the King with a brief and sarcastic rebuke dissolved Parliament on March 31st, 1681. But his first open appearance in a political character was his

subscription to a petition of sixteen peers in 1681 against the convocation of Parliament at Oxford. The petitioners represented themselves as afraid that the two Houses would be deprived of freedom of debate. In company with Shaftesbury, Bedford, Essex, and sixteen other lords, he protested against the refusal of their House to proceed upon the Lower House's impeachment of Edward Fitzharris. He identified himself with the popular party throughout the troubled session, and was admitted to the intimate friendship of Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney. It has been said that he accompanied Sidney on the scaffold, but the statement is inconsistent with the accepted accounts of the execution. The nature of his political connections may have animated him to greater energy in hunting down, in February, 1682, the murderers of Mr. Thynne, who, it was at first supposed, had been assassinated by enemies of the Duke of Monmouth. Sir John Reresby, as a justice of the peace for Westminster, conducted the pursuit. He mentions in his Memoirs that he and Lord Mordaunt together tracked Count Coningsmark's chief agent in the crime, a German captain, Fratz.

Two years later James ascended the throne. He signalised his accession by demanding of Parliament its sanction to a large increase of the standing army and the offer of commissions to Catholics. Neither the Lords nor the Commons would tamely submit. Mordaunt was foremost in expressing the indignation of a majority of the Upper House. Lord Macaulay extols his speech as one of the most remarkable delivered in the debate; as full of eloquence, sprightliness, and audacity. Barillon, the French ambassador, testified to the force with which

the young nobleman warned his audience that the nation was face to face with a present not with a future danger. Already the land was occupied by an army officered by Papists, which could have been raised for no other purpose but the establishment of abhorred arbitrary power. It was the first time he had addressed the House, and a sudden prorogation robbed him for the present of other opportunities. He determined to carry his energy where it might find a sphere for its exercise denied him at home. Early in 1686 he obtained the royal leave to serve in the Dutch fleet, which was intended for the West Indies. His plans in that direction were not carried out. Probably they were meant only as a screen for other designs. It has been said that he passed in Holland the whole interval to the Revolution, and that his wife was with him. Lady Mordaunt clearly was not there throughout, as the reference by Evelyn to her presence in Surrey in July, 1687, proves. It would seem from Gilbert Burnet's and his own subsequent allusions to two or four expeditions for revolutionary purposes which he paid to Holland, that he crossed backwards and forwards. On one of these excursions he may, while his wife was at Ashstead, have diverted himself in London, and a young lady his companion, by stealing for her a singing canary from a Charing Cross coffee-house. Its mistress had refused to part with it at any price, and the lady was inconsolable. Mordaunt introduced, during the landlady's temporary absence, a facsimile without a voice into the cage. After the Revolution Mordaunt pretended concern for the missing song. He found that the landlady, a violent Tory, far from regretting the loss, exulted in it. She imputed it to the loyalty of the bird,

which from the moment of the exile of James had mourned for him in silence.

Mordaunt was repeating politically his father's practices of thirty years before, with a difference. His serious business both in Holland and in England was the instigation of William of Orange to an immediate invasion and the preparation of Englishmen for it. Burnet, the future bishop, who was residing at the Hague as the Princess Mary's chaplain, was suspicious of so seductive a rival in William's councils. He mistrusted a deadly foe of Church establishments. The breadth of the political schemes alarmed him. In his history he censures Mordaunt's crude thoughts, and intimates that the Prince treated the plan of an immediate blow as "too romantical to build upon." Probably that was the conclusion at which so cool an intellect arrived, and rightly. The English nation was scarcely as yet prepared to discard James. Had William tried and failed, the chains would have been indefinitely riveted. Had he succeeded, he would have come in as a conqueror rather than as a deliverer. At the same time Burnet's own evidence does not bear out Macaulay's assertion that William regarded his guest as a rash and vainglorious knight-errant, whom he was not likely to choose for his confidant. Burnet declares, on the contrary, that he was thus chosen. He became "the one whom his Highness chiefly trusted, and by whose advice he governed his motions." His influence, when the Prince finally decided upon an invasion, showed itself in modifications of the Declaration of the reasons, which had been drawn up by the Grand Pensionary Fagel, and translated and abbreviated by Burnet. Among the exiles were many open

enemies of the Church of England. Their representative was Major Wildman, a Cambridge scholar, described by Clarendon as possessed of a pregnant wit and a smart pen. According to Clarendon he had been successively Cromwell's admirer, enemy, and spy. He was one of the ten Anabaptist subscribers to an address to Charles in 1658, and was a born caballer and wire-puller, whose hand can be traced in all the intrigues of the next thirty or five-and-thirty years. He could not endure that the main grievance alleged against James's government should wear the air, as in the draft declaration, of a Church grievance in particular. He wrote, therefore, a counter declaration, to which he procured the assent of Mordaunt, who, indifferent to doctrines, hated the Church for its advocacy of passive obedience. While the Whig refugees, like Lord Macclesfield, would not adopt Wildman for their spokesman, they agreed partially with Mordaunt's objection to expressions which implied that they had risen especially as Church champions. William recognised the justice of their verbal criticisms, and amendments were introduced which satisfied moderate dissentients.

CHAPTER II

COURT FAVOUR—CABALS—DISGRACE

The Prince sailed for England on November 1st, after an attempt frustrated by the weather on October 19th. Mordaunt was his companion. As soon as the disembarkation in Torbay was effected on November 5th William signed a commission for him to levy a regiment of horse and occupy Exeter. Burnet accompanied him. The gates, which had been closed, were sulkily opened at the summons of Mordaunt on November 8th; and the next day William with the main body of his army entered. Mordaunt marched, still in advance, into Wiltshire, raising the country as he went for the Protestant champion. Dorsetshire obeyed his invitation, and the road to London was cleared. Forthwith he rode northwards, to recruit, inspect, and organise. He executed his charge diligently, never, he boasted, allowing pleasure to seduce him when engaged in business an inch out of his way.

The new sovereign did not stint his requital of the daring courage and fertility of resource which had not been the less invigorating that he could not at once yield to their dictates. Mordaunt enjoyed the full confidence of William. The second Lord Clarendon, the Queen's uncle,

enters in his diary for December 29th that he could not obtain admittance to the Prince, who was shut up for a long time with Mordaunt. His influence was great, as Clarendon admits with a sneer, when he notes that on February 6th half-mad Lord Lincoln came to the House of Lords expressly to do, he said, whatever Mordaunt and Shrewsbury would have him. Such as it was, it was at William's entire service. Consequently a speedy shower of honours and offices, small and great, rained upon him. On February 14th, the day after the offer of the crown to William and Mary, he was admitted into the Privy Council. In March he was appointed a Gentleman or Lord of the Bedchamber. He received the colonelcy of a regiment of foot on April 1st, and was appointed lieutenant-colonel of a volunteer cavalry regiment raised by the City of London for the protection of their Majesties in July. While holding a much loftier post he rode at its head on the occasion of royal visits to the Corporation. At the end of April he was nominated Lord-Lieutenant of his own county of Northamptonshire, superseding his uncle Peterborough, and the next month became its Custos Rotulorum. In August he was made Water-Bailiff of the Severn. Probably about the same time he secured actual possession of the manor of Dauntsey, eulogised by George Herbert for its noble house and choice air. In the reign of Charles the Second he had acquired prospective rights over the domain; but the revenues had formed hitherto part of Mary of Modena's dower. With and amidst all this curious miscellany of emoluments and dignities he had been appointed on April 8th First Commissioner of the Treasury, and on the day following

was created Earl of Monmouth. For one whose glory through life it was that he was peculiarly disinterested, the rewards for public spirit seem to have been measured out bountifully. But opinion two centuries ago did not expect oxen which trod out the corn to be muzzled.

The step in the peerage is supposed to have been given at this date that he might be qualified to take a conspicuous place in the ceremonial of the coronation. The style of his earldom exposed him to as much obloquy as his nomination to the Treasury. To many, Lord Dartmouth says in his ill-natured notes to Burnet, it seemed that the title must have been selected by the donor and the recipient with the deliberate intent to block the eventual restoration of the Duke of Monmouth's children to their forfeited hereditary honours. The creation of an earldom of Monmouth, though not legally incompatible with the revival of a dukedom under the same local name, was notice of the decision of the Government not to revive it. Whatever may have been the motives of William, who had not loved the duke, Monmouth, as he must now for a time be designated, probably had no other predilection for the denomination than the memory of its possession by his maternal grandfather. His appointment to the Treasury, which excites Lord Macaulay's surprise, would deserve severer condemnation but for the exceptional circumstances of the time. He had no experience in business, and at any rate could hardly be in his place both at the head of the Treasury and in the Bedchamber. But William desired to have in ostensible command at the Treasury one whom he thought he could implicitly trust, and one too on whose political principles no slur rested.

Monmouth could produce unimpeachable Whig credentials. He had as good business aptitudes as the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, sour, grasping Delamere, afterwards Earl of Warrington. For the serious administration of the department the King relied on Godolphin, who, once First Commissioner, had accepted the third seat at the Board. Godolphin's service under James disqualified him at present for the apparent headship. Without excessive invidiousness he could be introduced in a subordinate capacity, though the arrangement even thus had its fierce opponents. Bishop Burnet says that he was brought in to the great grief of Monmouth and Delamere. Monmouth despised Delamere, whom, at the period of the Dutch invasion, he had privately stigmatised as little better than a thief for taking £9000 from William for the equipment of a regiment and leaving it shoeless. Morose Delamere detested Monmouth's frivolity. They were irreconcilable, except in their jealousy of their subordinate. The feeling was speedily justified by their experience that "the King considered him more than them both."

The apparent responsibility for the administration of the finances, of which he had no experience or special understanding, subjected the witty gallant of the Court and indifferent economist in his own affairs to the ridicule of political satirists and lampooners. But he does not appear to have shown any conspicuous incompetence. The First Lordship of the Treasury was in no way equivalent to the office of Prime Minister. It did not even imply the practical control in chief of the finances. Monmouth as First Commissioner had to preside over the Civil Service. His real province was

less finance than patronage. In that the worst charge alleged against him is that he sought out for places the men most noted for Republican principles. He is allowed to have been generous, and to have distributed offices freely. He did not, like Delamere, sell everything. We know that in one instance he used his influence nobly, and would gladly have exerted it on a grander scale. In Holland he and his wife enjoyed the intimate friendship of John Locke. When, three months after the Prince, the Princess Mary embarked for England, Locke, by the husband's desire, escorted Lady Mordaunt, who returned in the Princess's train on February 12th, 1689. On February 20th Locke received through Monmouth the offer of the important embassy to William's most faithful ally, the great Elector of Brandenburg. He declined on account of ill health, his letter of apology being written in Monmouth's room in Whitehall; but in May he owed to the new First Lord the appointment to a Commissionership of Appeals. He was ever a welcome guest at Parson's Green; London smoke hurt him, and there he escaped its evils. So much pleasure, writes Lady Masham, took he always in this delightful garden, that he had scarce cause to regret the necessity he was under of a short absence from London. Monmouth's intercourse with Locke during fifteen or sixteen years shows uninterrupted delicacy and warmth of heart. He seems continually grateful for obtaining leave to confer kindnesses. At Locke's request he exerted himself also for Isaac Newton, who acknowledged in the September of 1690 Lord and Lady Monmouth's kind remembrance of him, and, whether their designs succeeded or not, must ever think himself obliged to be their humble servant.

Before the autumn of 1690, however, Mordaunt's official influence had been curtailed. In March of that year the Ministry was essentially modified, and one main feature of the change was a complete reconstruction of the Treasury. Monmouth ceased to be First Lord and Delamere to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. For a short time Sir John Lowther became First Lord, and then Godolphin, a great administrator, taciturn, non-combative, and methodical. Mordaunt discovered no anger at his dismissal. It was softened by a pension, with the promise of the Crown's manor of Reigate, and a grant of any lands in several counties proved to be the property of Jesuits. He continued to attend the Privy Council. When William went over to Ireland on June 11th he invited Mordaunt to go with him, but for some unknown reason he declined. His third brother, Osmond, went instead, and was slain at the battle of the Boyne. Whatever was the cause of Mordaunt's own refusal the King cannot have been dissatisfied with it. He named him a member of the Queen's Committee of Nine. Contemporary epigrammatists, who had jeered at the chief of the Treasury, with his hours distributed in morsels among the Court, the State, and the calls of gallantry, vanity, and wit, were yet fiercer upon the jackanapes of State, the whirlwind set to guide the national bark, the arrogant councillor of the Regency. He had his censors nearer home. His colleagues did not trust one another, and him least of all. Nor did he trust them. Shortly before William's departure a circumstance had occurred which heightened the mutual suspiciousness. Letters had been intercepted which were addressed to a French agent, M. Coutenay, at Antwerp. They were written in lemon

juice; but exposure to heat enabled them to be deciphered, and it was found that they reported in detail, apparently for the information of enemies of the new Sovereigns, the deliberations of the Privy Council. They continued to pass, and to be intercepted, after William left. An alarm was raised that there was a traitor among the councillors. Ill feeling and perplexity of another kind were aroused by the conduct of Lord Torrington in command of the Channel fleet. A majority of the Committee of Nine, including the Tory Nottingham and the Whig Monmouth, not very good friends, as the Queen rightly inferred, were indignant at the delay to engage the French fleet under de Tourville. Monmouth offered to convey instructions from the Queen to fight. Mary affected unwillingness to part with one of her nine advisers, paying Monmouth, as Nottingham observed, the high compliment of a refusal to make use of his arm, having need of his counsel. By way of compromise a Government messenger was sent with orders to Torrington to bring on a battle. Finally she yielded to pressure from two-thirds of the Committee. She commissioned Monmouth and Admiral Russell, also of the Committee, to fit out a ship, join Torrington, and determine on the spot what had best be done. Monmouth, wrote Mary to William, declared that he could do the work with more speed than another, and would never come back if the fleet did not fight. Off Admiral Russell and he hurried, with Major Wildman, who was acting as his secretary. Before a vessel could be equipped for them news reached Portsmouth that Torrington, acting upon the prior directions before they could be

countermanded, had encountered the French off Beachy Head on June 30th, with the result known to everybody.

Monmouth's associates on the Committee were not disappointed at his return without any increase of personal credit. The Queen wrote to William that she was not sorry to see Monmouth come so soon back, for that all agreed in the same opinion of him. They had not been sorry to be free from his company for an interval. His and his secretary's absence had helped to confirm their suspicions. Previously the correspondence with Coutenay had, the Queen said, proceeded constantly; while they were away it stopped, if it were not only that it succeeded in escaping detection. The belief of his opponents, as Danby expressed it in his correspondence with William, was that he concocted the letters with the design that they should be intercepted, and be attributed to one or another of the members of the Council in notorious communication with King James. This, or rather their composition from his disclosures by the veteran plotter Wildman, is a plausible hypothesis, and on the whole presents fewer difficulties than that which attributes them to some Tory friend of the exiles. It is incredible that any councillor in league with James should have gone on despatching missives which he knew would be captured and read. To struggle in Monmouth's interest for the relief of his name from the reproach of an underhand manœuvre by fixing the blame on another is, in view of his known character, to labour in vain. The best course is to allow that he was capable of tortuous acts, and endeavour to understand how he could yet escape utter moral depravation.

He was discontented with everything and everybody.

In the first year of the reign he had tried hard, by a Parliamentary cabal, to take the Speakership of the Lords from his colleague, the Marquis of Halifax, the apostle of the Trimmers. Halifax had been especially odious to him as the too tolerant statesman who restored Nottingham and Godolphin to office. But the range of his enmities since had widened almost indefinitely. Burnet alleges that while he was still at the Treasury his ill will extended to the King himself. According to the bishop he combined with Delamere to infuse jealousies of William into the Whig party. On the same authority he is said to have permitted Jacobite agents to tamper with his own loyalty. Mary, whose confidants were Tory Nottingham, jobbing Danby, now Marquis of Caermarthen, and Burnet, the Whig Churchman, manifestly inclined to a similar suspicion. She could not fathom his schemes. She was certain that he was the author of the lemon-letters, which, in his conversations with her, he imputed, if not to Nottingham, to some one in Nottingham's Office. She was embarrassed by the claim he insinuated to succeed Torrington. He did not desire, he had intimated to the Committee, to supersede the foiled admiral, who was his maternal uncle; but he was obviously dissatisfied at not being charged with the duty. His offer to go as a civilian and assist in restoring courage in the fleet she did not seriously entertain. It was not fit, she told him, for him who was a seaman, to go to sea without the command. That she did not care to commit to him, and listened incredulously to his assertion that William had once thought of appointing him, in preference to Torrington, in the first place. His accusations of ill administration, and of the incapacity of

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those in trust, his daily hints to her of the great danger they were in, and his remarks on the necessity that the nation should be satisfied, troubled her without inducing her to rely on him for safety. Whatever the question, she held herself on her guard when it was introduced by him. One day, she wrote to William, Monmouth came with Lord Devonshire to entreat her presence at the Council to restore peace. She would not come. Another day he was the mouthpiece of a promise by the Cabinet to procure a loan of £200,000 for the public service, on condition that she dissolved Parliament. She refused in default of the King's express consent. To her Monmouth seemed to be resolved to be either dictator or traitor. Like his colleagues of the Committee, she was equally reluctant to give him authority to act at a distance and to keep him by her side. She let him go to Portsmouth, believing, for her part, that he could be best spared of the company. She was reassured by his return. A little later he asked to be sent on a mission to Holland, and again she and the rest, she writes, were inclined to it for a reason she had mentioned before. From a similar jealousy of the use to which he might put his independence, permission was ultimately withheld. William, though he would not yield to his attempt to exclude from office all but thorough Whigs and implacable enemies of James, seems to have interpreted his motives more favourably, and perhaps more equitably, than contemporaries or later critics. He may have adopted his Queen's evident conviction that the letters were his, without sharing too vehemently her consequent scepticism as to his great professions. He knew better than she how true were Monmouth's warnings

of danger, and of the existence of designs against the throne.

William came back from Ireland in January, 1691, and in the same month crossed over to Holland. In his suite, chosen from those nearest his confidence, was Monmouth, still of the Bedchamber, and Monmouth was his companion in the perilous adventure of the open boat off the Dutch coast. He returned with the King in April, and his apartment at Whitehall was among those which suffered most severely from the fire in that month at the palace. For several weeks in April and May of the next year he was engaged in putting Jersey and Guernsey into a position of defence, holding command of the forces in those islands. Soon after his return he was off again to Flanders, and narrowly escaped shipwreck in a storm. He came back in July, and seems to have returned to the Netherlands in the course of the same summer, though the statement that he served at Steinkirk in August as colonel of the Royal Horse Guards has been disproved. He returned in October, once again in company with William. But he then took up an attitude in Parliament which estranged him from the Court. He was among the eighteen lords, described by Macaulay as the bitterest Whigs and the bitterest Tories in the whole peerage, who signed the protest against the rejection on December 7th, 1692, of the motion that a joint committee of the two Houses should be selected to inquire into the whole management of public affairs. This meant an attack upon the military administration, which William regarded as virtually an attack upon himself. He displayed no open anger. Monmouth was suffered to go on acting as a gentleman of

the Bedchamber, and to keep his colonelcy; but the old confidential relation between him and William was broken, never to be restored. On his part he uttered no public complaint, but chose to regard himself as a victim of royal ingratitude. He was more determined than ever to shame the King into abandoning the alliance with the false friends of any colour who robbed the true, like him, of their rightful privileges.

During the three following years he found no especial opportunity for striking a blow. He occupied his enforced leisure with the care of his fruits and flowers at Parson's Green, and with the conversation of wits at the coffee-houses he loved to frequent. Afterwards, when he ruled Valencia, he longed, he wrote, to be free to return to Will's coffee-house in winter. Will's was the corner house in Bow Street, Covent Garden, and he had for some time a town house in the same street. Probably he could amuse himself with other society not so innocent as that of authors and Templars. At intervals he still sat in Parliament. For instance, in February, 1693, he was present at the trial of his near connection, Lord Mohun, for the murder of Mountfort the actor. He voted on his honour, and to his honour, in the minority of fourteen against the sixty-nine peers who were for an acquittal. In December he introduced a Bill for the establishment of triennial Parliaments in place of that which had been passed in the previous session and vetoed by the King. So much umbrage did William at length take at his political conduct that in February, 1694, his performance of his duties as a gentleman of the Bedchamber was suspended. He was no longer summoned to meetings of the Privy Council. His

regiment of foot was given, though with his assent, to his brother, Captain Henry Mordaunt, afterwards lieutenant-general, and Treasurer of the Ordnance. The chastisement did not break his spirit. He supported in January, 1695, Tory Nottingham's motion for the consideration of the state of the nation. A few weeks later he zealously abetted Wharton's inquiry into the bribes offered by Sir Thomas Cook, the governor of the East India Company, to Danby, now Duke of Leeds and Lord President of the Council. Though the single available witness was persuaded to leave the country, and the impeachment, therefore, had to be dropped, he had the satisfaction of ejecting the duke from the conduct of affairs.

The Court seems to have tried to appease him. In April, 1695, Narcissus Luttrell speaks of him as waiting in his place in the Bedchamber. He was, in November, 1695, in the royal suite and riding in one of the King's carriages when, during William's autumn progress, he was overturned between Grantham and Lincoln and sorely bruised. Overtures towards a reconciliation were of little use. He was resolved to unmask his rivals, and at the end of 1696 he thought he saw his way to a complete triumph. Sir John Fenwick was deeply implicated in the assassination plot of 1695. After eluding capture for fifteen months he had accidentally been caught in Romney Marsh. Having been offered life in return for a full confession of the conspiracy, he pretended to comply with the condition by a compilation of stories against Whigs like Russell and Shrewsbury, and lukewarm Tories like Marlborough and Godolphin, who had secretly coquetted

with James while they actively served William. Disclosures which would injure real unadulterated Jacobites he reserved. When Goodman, one of the only two witnesses against him, had been bribed by his wife, Lady Mary, to abscond, he positively closed his mouth. The Whigs, equally exasperated by his accusation of their leaders and the screening of his Jacobite friends, resolved that he should not thus evade punishment. He could not be convicted at the Old Bailey on the unsupported testimony of Porter, but a Bill of Attainder was introduced into the House of Commons and read a third time, though by a diminished majority of 189 to 156. On November 26th, 1696, it was carried up to the Lords, and there read a first time on December 1st. Fenwick's original confession was communicated to Parliament, and he, being brought before the House of Lords, was asked if he had anything further to divulge. Monmouth was particularly earnest in interrogating him. At the commencement, as Lord Wharton wrote to Shrewsbury on December 11th, he was easy and favourable, and gave him all encouragement to make out the accusations in his paper. To his evident disappointment the prisoner could not be induced to emphasise or corroborate his previous charges against Marlborough, Godolphin, Russell, and Shrewsbury. Thereupon he suddenly turned upon him with "a good deal of zeal." When, on December 15th, the Bill was again taken into consideration, he exhibited the same rage at once against Fenwick and the statesmen Fenwick could have denounced and would not. The second reading was carried by 73 to 55, after a passionate altercation, which, but for the intervention of the House, might have had a

bloody sequel, between him and the son of Jeffreys, stung by an eloquent outburst against the father's infamous memory. At the debate on the third reading he spoke as strongly and fiercely as before. In spite of many defections the Bill was carried in the Lords on January 11th, 1697, by 68 to 61.

Previously the House had discovered the cause of Monmouth's hostility to the prisoner. Six years before, in June, 1690, he had prided himself on the extraction of revelations of Jacobite plots from a youth named Crone. Now he had been flying at higher game in a similar direction. He had entire faith in Fenwick's tale of intercourse between highly placed statesmen and the Court at St. Germain, and he wished to persuade him to adhere to it. His own secret information fully accorded with Fenwick's gossip. A young man named Matthew Smith, who had active Jacobite connections, had offered intelligence of their designs to the Earl of Shrewsbury, then Secretary of State, and seems to have been for a time in his pay. From the earl he went over to Monmouth, whom he supplied with many anecdotes of the good understanding which Whigs as well as Tories maintained with King James. He related, moreover, that Shrewsbury had been told of the assassination plot, and had kept silence. Though in that shape the assertion was false, it may not be untrue that the earl had been furnished by Smith and others with evidence from which, with ardent goodwill, he might have inferred the extent of the peril. His vigilance was, it can scarcely be denied, paralysed by a guilty consciousness of his own intrigues with the exiles. Monmouth's aim was to engraft Smith's facts, many of

which were certainly real, upon Fenwick's second-hand confession. He could not have direct access to him, as formerly to Crone, but he was able to act through Lady Mary Fenwick. When Fenwick would not abet him in his work of separating William from untrustworthy councillors, he saw no cause to save a mischievous and despicable conspirator from the fate he merited. The conspirator's wife could not be expected to recognise the justification for the change of attitude. In her resentment at the attacks on her husband she induced her brother, the Earl of Carlisle, to inform the House of Lords of the part Monmouth had played. They against whom his plans were aimed, and the majority they commanded, leagued at once with the reactionary Tories to destroy him. Fenwick was interrogated. He admitted on December 22nd that when he was before the House of Commons he had received written directions for his behaviour. His wife had handed him the documents in Newgate. She, he understood, had them from the Duchess of Norfolk, and the Duchess from Mordaunt. The Duchess of Norfolk was the only child of Henry, Earl of Peterborough, and therefore Monmouth's first cousin. As far back as 1685 her infidelity with Sir John Germaine had scandalised the town. Her husband had tried to have his marriage dissolved by Act of Parliament, but the Bill had been thrown out, principally through her cousin's exertions. She was an intimate friend of Lady Mary, who employed her as negotiator with him. The House followed the clue. On January 7th it examined on oath Lady Mary Fenwick, the Duchess of Norfolk, Mrs. Elizabeth Lawson, who was related to Lady Mary, a Mrs. Symons, who belonged to her house-

hold, and Mr. Simon Harcourt, now an eminent Tory barrister and afterwards Lord Keeper. According to Lord Wharton, the duchess "seemed to turn the matter as much to the advantage of my Lord Monmouth as she well could." Harcourt's evidence was not very material: he could speak only of indiscreet expressions used by Monmouth at Will's coffee-house concerning the trial; but that of the ladies was much more to the point. The instructions delivered by Lady Mary to her husband had been contained in three papers. In the first Fenwick was told to demand before the Lords that Lords Portland and Romney, William's confidants, should be asked what intelligence had been conveyed to their master of correspondence between James and great men in the Government. They were to be asked, moreover, why Marlborough had been removed from his places and sent to the Tower; why Shrewsbury had been induced to return to office, and by what pressure. The second paper provided Fenwick with an argument he might use on the improbability that he should have brought false accusations against persons high in the royal esteem. The object of the third was to free Fenwick from a fear that his revelations might irritate Jacobites in Parliament into voting against him. It was not to be apprehended, urged the writer, that Tories would be incensed at Fenwick for his denunciations of Whigs. At a subsequent examination the witnesses unfolded the history of the concoction of the instructions. According to them the duchess and Monmouth, when they were explaining the plot to Mary, were overheard by Mrs. Elizabeth Lawson from an adjacent room. Mrs. Lawson confirmed the duchess's and

Lady Mary's reports. No paper in Monmouth's handwriting was produced, for the reason that he had insisted on a return of his writings, and copies had to be made by Mrs. Symons. Lady Mary testified also to the utterance of violent reproaches by Monmouth against the King. She said he had reviled the King for intimating to the House that Fenwick's original confession was false when the King knew it was wholly true; he had complained that the King had been ungrateful to him and was "the worst of men." In answer, she said, to an objection that, though Fenwick, in the general confusion created by his charges, might succeed in defeating the Bill of Attainder, he would still be liable to be remitted to trial at the Old Bailey, Monmouth had bid her have no fears. He boasted he had as much power in the Old Bailey as over the House of Lords, "for he often conversed with those people that were of juries, and he would secure how Sir John should be cleared there."

He was heard in his defence on January 9th. Lord Wharton says he behaved with more disturbance of mind than it was thought he could be capable of. His speech, three hours in length, was so confused, and it was so late, and the House so weary, that it was hard to make either head or tail of what he said. He appealed to his sacrifices for the Revolution, to the four voyages, described by Burnet as two, which he had made to Holland in the evil times, to his refusal of eminent places, to his contempt for money. With a sneer at Lord Nottingham he observed that he had bought no great estate and built no palace, that his hereditary mansion was threatening to fall on his head, and that he was poorer by £20,000 than at his entrance

into public life. He scoffed at the insinuation that so faithful a servant of his Majesty would have maligned him. He had nothing to do, he declared, with the papers in question. The whole was a plot of the Papists to ruin an enemy, in which they had procured his ungrateful kinswoman for their instrument. His speech was received with solemn silence. When he inquired if he should withdraw, the House, at the insidious suggestion of the vindictive Duke of Leeds, decided to judge only the papers for the moment, and not their author, and Monmouth was thus entrapped into voting by implication for his own condemnation as the author of writings he had admitted to be scandalous. The House resolved that the contrivance of the three papers was "a high crime and misdemeanour;" yet even at this point attempts were still made to accommodate the schism in the Whig ranks. Monmouth and his wife, while they railed at the Duchess of Norfolk as a perjured traitress, were, according to Mr. Secretary Vernon, trying to persuade her to withdraw her testimony. He had an interview two hours long with the King, whom he sought to convince that he had kept within bounds in this matter. Some of the Whig leaders were extremely anxious for a truce. The storm had not been altogether unexpected. From the correspondence of Lord Keeper Somers with Wharton and with Shrewsbury towards the close of 1696, it is clear that some sudden stroke of policy on Monmouth's part had been apprehended. Somers had promised Wharton in November that he would endeavour to put the Earl of Monmouth in good humour in relation to Sir John Fenwick's business. He hoped that he had succeeded. After the

explosion Sunderland thought it might still be practicable to reconcile Monmouth and Shrewsbury. Somers himself did not want things pushed to extremity against Monmouth, because no one, he said, could be responsible to what degree such a temper might be driven. But matters had gone too far for it to be possible for the leaders to hinder the rank and file from dragging the deserter to the bar. He was formally accused, and the proceedings against him settled a point of practice. Then first, according to Burnet, it was determined that a peer tried for a misdemeanour should sit within the bar of the House. The same point of etiquette had been raised in his father's favour just thirty years before. In January an inquiry was made into the origin of the documents. Norfolk vouched for the credibility of his duchess: "My Lord thought her good enough to be wife to me, and if she is good enough for that, I am sure that she is good enough to be a witness against him." By a vast preponderance of voices the House ordered that the earl had such a share in the contrivance of the papers delivered into the House by the Lady Mary Fenwick that for that offence, as for the undutiful words which were sworn to be spoken by him of the King, he should be committed prisoner to his Majesty's Tower of London. It followed up this condemnation by a fervent absolution of Shrewsbury which amounted to a repetition of the judgment upon Monmouth as a suborner of false witnesses. After examining Smith it declared his allegations baseless, and ordered his documents to be burnt. Burnet insinuates that to Monmouth the House would have behaved with more severity if the King had not secured the bishop's personal intervention in his favour.

The bishop says he the more readily accepted the office from an apprehension of new schemes of confusion which Monmouth, if driven to desperation, might have opened in his own excuse. To allay, he asserts, the heat of the Lords he put them in mind that the earl set the Revolution first on foot, and was a great promoter of it. It is not easy to see that the House could have inflicted heavier penalties whatever its inclination. A result of its censure, for which the King cordially thanked the House, was that the subject of it had his name removed from the list of privy councillors, and suffered, besides confinement till the end of the session, the loss of all his places. The bishop depreciates the practical effect of this too. He states that the loss, it was believed, was secretly compensated to him, for the Court was resolved not quite to lose him.

Modern historians, and even biographers, who as a class follow the reverse of the practice attributed to valets, have not been very lenient in their views of the miserable business. Lord Macaulay, who dwells at length upon the transaction in his *History*, while he panegyrises Monmouth's genius and even his virtues, talks of "tricks worthy of the pillory." The best which his apologists can say for him is to class the affair among historical riddles, or to point out the slenderness of the testimony. It cannot be safely alleged that the matter is either incomprehensible or unproved. It is true that nothing written by Monmouth was produced before the peers. The letters which the Duchess of Norfolk said she had of his, containing a summary of all the papers she asserted he had dictated, were not shown to the House. Her word is not unimpeachable; but there is

no ground for questioning the veracity of Lady Mary or Elizabeth Lawson. Above all, the whole has the strongest corroboration in Monmouth's own character and methods of action. The scheme is precisely such as his inventive brain would have been likely to devise. Its lineaments prove its paternity, and the one practical question is of the degree of the stain it leaves on his name. In the first place, it must be allowed that contemporaries did not rate his criminality at all as highly as the present age. Within a few months after the immediate tempest of abuse had spent its fury his own period and circle seemed to have forgotten the occurrence. Amidst the multitude of criticisms which his future career provoked, no use, or virtually none, was made of this ready occasion of reproach. He never himself exhibited any recollection of it. The incident did not, as might have been anticipated, rankle in his morbidly sensitive organisation. Perhaps a rational explanation may be that he was not thought, and did not feel, intolerably guilty, because he was not. He had, writes Lord Macaulay, one of those minds of which the deepest wounds heal and leave no scar; Shrewsbury had one of those in which the slightest scratch may fester to the death. But Shrewsbury had perpetrated a crime which deserved the block. For little more than a caprice at best, if not from debasing cowardice or the paltriest time-serving, he had sold himself to his sovereign's and benefactor's enemy. As he eat William's bread he was the pledged servant of James. This is the chivalrous, generous gentleman whose perturbed delicacy students of history are instructed to compassionate. Mordaunt had been far from nice in his

choice of means. But at least it cannot be said of him that he dealt in calumnies, or that he published libels, unless of the legal kind, which are the worse in proportion to their truth. He turned against Fenwick when Fenwick would not do his bidding, which was the reverse of magnanimous. He tried to ensnare the King into recognising the criminal double-dealing of Shrewsbury, Godolphin, Russell, and Marlborough, which was degrading work for him and an unkindness to his sovereign. With all this it cannot be questioned that Fenwick, judged by the standard of his generation, richly merited the axe, and that Monmouth's doctrine that correspondents of James were unsafe supports of his son-in-law's throne might be honestly held by a steadfast champion of the Revolution.

Monmouth's contemporaries are not agreed upon his demeanour in prison. Lord Keeper Somers wrote to Shrewsbury on January 30th, 1697, that accounts differed; some said he bore it beyond measure impatiently; some qualified it. Everybody knew that his countess set "no bounds" to her indignation at his enemies. His own main business, wrote Somers a week later, was to get out, and in order to that he was ready to do anything. He had in the first few days asked the King's leave to solicit the House for his release. William was unwilling to interpose, from a doubt, Somers surmised, that, on his release, he would not take the removal from his places very patiently. When he found he could not count upon the King's favour he endeavoured, according to Somers, not a very indulgent interpreter of his motives, to force his way out as a victim of the Jacobites. The story adds to

the general sense of mystification created by the entire Fenwick business. While Monmouth was in the Tower Sir John Talbot brought his nephew, Colonel Talbot, to Mr. Secretary Vernon. Colonel Talbot said an old brother officer, named Brown, had informed him that the earl was concocting a new plot. Brown, the son of an Irish gentleman, had quitted the army and become a student at the Temple. After a time his father had his estate confiscated for Jacobitism; the son's allowance ceased and, in company with a man named Davies and others, he took to the road. In the summer of 1696, he said, Monmouth was returning from London to Parson's Green by Chelsea when they stopped his coach. It was no unusual accident. In 1692 Marlborough had been robbed of five hundred guineas. Probably he was not so amiable over the loss as Monmouth, who had but six shillings in his purse. That they took, with his hat, sword, and periwig. They did their thieving so pleasantly, however, that he complimented them with an expression of opinion that they must have turned robbers out of sheer necessity. He was ashamed of the poverty of his purse, and asked "how he might place ten guineas upon them," as ransom, it may be supposed, for the rest of his property. They trusted to his word, and at once gave him all back, even the silver, which he refused. When the guard from Chelsea Hospital came to the hedge-side he stopped their fire by calling out that there were none but friends, and bade his coachman drive on. Brown visited him shortly afterwards, showing perfect confidence, which so pleased his kindred spirit that he made him presents, and encouraged his acquaintance. Colonel Talbot told Vernon

that Mordaunt had tried to induce Brown, and also Davies, who was lying in Newgate for another robbery, to assist him in his Fenwick machinations. They were to depose they had waylaid him the year before with the intention of carrying him over to France, where he was to be held as a hostage for the Jacobite Lord Aylesbury. Though the catastrophe in the House of Lords had spoiled that project in its original shape, Brown alleged Monmouth was designing its revival in order to surround himself with the halo of a political martyr. All this seems to have been an invention of Brown's, whether spontaneous or suggested. At any rate, so violent were the prejudices of the time, it imposed for a while upon the cool intelligence of Somers. Brown failed to keep his engagement to come and be interrogated by Somers, who had him arrested. On March 1st the Lord Keeper wrote to Shrewsbury that, in conjunction with the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Secretary Vernon, he had been examining the fellow at his own house. Nothing came of it, and the inquiry was dropped on the pretence that Monmouth's old Whig comrades did not like to involve him in fresh disgrace. The truth more probably was that they discovered they had been cheated by a footpad. They tried in vain to induce Brown to rid them of him by going abroad. In the same way they endeavoured to bribe Smith, who also had eventually turned against Monmouth, to pester them with no more venal revelations.

At all events it was impossible to keep Monmouth long in duress. On March 30th, seventeen days before the session of Parliament ended, he was, on his petition to the House of Lords, discharged out of the Tower. His

uncle's death on June 19th made him Earl of Peterborough; and by that name he will in future be called. The addition to his titles may have helped the country to forget his fall. Under no new honours could he really have disguised his ignominy if his reputation as Earl of Monmouth had been as deeply tarnished as is sometimes thought. Lord Macaulay's allusions to this period of his career are consistently exaggerated. He is described by the historian as being in his prison as violent as a falcon just caged. Freed, we are told, he stood alone in the world, a dishonoured man, more hated by the Whigs than any Tory, and by the Tories than any Whig. It is added that he was reduced to poverty. All these assertions, unless that he stood alone, are pitched in too high a key. Anxious as he was, in the words of Somers, to "get out," he fretted more in the Tower over his baffled combinations than at bars and gates. His dishonour was not very palpable to the world, and not at all to himself. Whig and Tory chiefs knew their own hands were far from clean. They were well content to have repulsed his onslaught. They were not inclined to rush into paroxysms of fury over his prostrate body. In his ascendency he had not always been conciliatory and gracious to his equals and rivals. Even if he had been, prosperity like his would have produced envy and jealousy which on his fall were sure to indulge themselves. He did not escape; but on the whole he seems to have suffered less than in the circumstances might have been deemed his share. The poverty which, he wrote in May, obliged him to follow the plough and his wife to churn and make cheese, was the poverty of the owner of two earldoms. His

loss of place was partly compensated, it was reported, by a pension of £2000 a year from the King's privy purse. He was not destitute of friends. Not a shadow dimmed the serenity of Locke's esteem. He kept the society of wits and poets. He had hardly quitted his prison in 1697 when Dryden added to the translation of the Æneid a postscript running over with most profound respect and inviolable gratitude for the nobleman who, careless of difference of interests and opinion, had poured favours upon him so frequent that he received them almost by prescription. He was treated with sufficient deference in Parliament. Thus when, according to Luttrell, he introduced in May, 1698, a motion, not mentioned in the Journals of the House, "against the impudence of the actors, upon Powell's wounding a gentleman," the peers received it with sympathetic indignation. The lords with the white staves were directed to desire his Majesty that none of the players wear swords. But he was without place, and for a time he was without a party.

In one sense it was only for a time, though in another sense it continued for the rest of his life. Now and hereafter he remained faithful to the doctrines of the Revolution. For purposes of Parliamentary tactics he began to approximate to its opponents or lukewarm adherents. His voluntary absence from the House of Lords did not last for more than a year. From the spring of 1698 his name occurs frequently in the list of peers present at debates. He reappeared as the associate of Marlborough and Godolphin, a member of a third party composed of Tories who did not regret James and of Whigs who were discontented with

William. On the two or three occasions on which before the next reign he played a prominent part in Parliamentary controversies, he stood forward as the adversary of Whig interests and Whig chieftains. In July, 1698, he joined Godolphin and Dartmouth in protesting vigorously against the Government for its favour to the new East India Company. The House, in February, 1699, had to interfere to keep the peace between him and the Whig admiral, Russell, now Lord Orford, in a dispute about the army. He was one of the thirty-two peers who in 1701 advocated by votes, and by a protest, the demand of the House of Commons to be permitted to impeach, after its own method, Lord Somers for his participation with Orford, Halifax, and Portland in the conclusion of the Treaty of Partition, and for other illegal acts. He and his companions denounced a pretended trial by the peers which only tended to protect Lord Somers from justice under colour of an acquittal. His elder son, Lord Mordaunt, had been elected member for Chippenham in 1700, being only just of age. Young as he was, he had been chosen one of the managers of the impeachment. On the other hand, Peterborough's own enmity against Somers cannot have been very implacable if it be true that a version of the Olynthiacs and Philippics of Demosthenes, printed in 1702, was published under the direction of Somers, and that Peterborough translated for him the first of the three Olynthiacs. He remained even so far identified in popular estimation with the Whigs, whose chosen chiefs he had been persecuting, that he incurred the wrath of a Tory House of Commons which had been elected at the end of 1701. An

election committee reported that he had unduly interfered in the election for Malmesbury. By a majority of 141 to 56 the House, in February, 1702, after hearing him at his request, resolved that he had been guilty of many indirect practices in endeavouring to secure the return of Colonel Park.

CHAPTER III

COMMAND IN SPAIN—HISTORICAL EVIDENCES

William died on March 8th, 1702, and Peterborough saw an official career open anew before him. The feud between him and Marlborough had long been pacified. He and his wife, being out of favour at Court, as was Marlborough, had acquired the regard of Lady Marlborough while William lived. Anne's accession, which gave Marlborough his opportunity, afforded Peterborough his also. In the Queen's first year he was reappointed Lord-Lieutenant of Northamptonshire, and was nominated Captain-General and Governor of Jamaica in December, 1702. He received the office as supplementary to the command, which was conferred upon him in the same year, of an expedition against the Spanish West Indies. The original intention was that it should be exclusively English; but the Queen's Dutch allies heard of the project, and insisted that they should be allowed to share in an enterprise which promised to be profitable. When their request was granted, they suddenly discovered that they needed their stipulated contingent of some three or four thousand men for service in Flanders. Godolphin seems to have been anxious that the English ships and troops

should sail alone and at once. Peterborough, on whom the immediate responsibility of failure would have lain, was more prudent. He wrote to Locke at the end of January, 1703, that the expedition had fallen, as a mushroom rises, in a single night. He had made all his preparations. His wife and he, as Locke's health prevented him in the late autumn from venturing to London, had driven down to Oates, in Essex, that he might say good-bye. He had engaged as secretary Arent Furly, a kind of adopted child of Locke's. He was looking happily forward to a series of successes, upon which he promised Locke, in a letter of December 26th, that he should not sleep, when the Dutch squadron with its troops was withdrawn from the joint expedition. He had received orders for his departure by January 16th. His equipage and servants were already gone. Then on the 14th he was summoned, he said, to the place of wisdom to be asked whether, as Holland needed her ships and troops for other services, and as the season was far spent and the winds contrary, he could effect with three thousand or rather two thousand eight hundred men that which he was to have attempted with more than double the number. His reply, he told Locke, was that he was no worker of miracles, and he refused to go to the other world loaded with empty titles. With some difficulty he induced the Treasury to recoup the expense of the transport of his equipage to Jamaica and a sum of £300 he had laid out upon medicines.

For some time he had still to seek occupation for his faculties in the arena of politics. With the consistency which, it must be admitted, distinguished his Parliamentary career, he vehemently opposed, and

assisted in rejecting, the Bill for preventing Occasional Conformity. The Whig peers, in January, 1703, nominated him one of their managers with Somers, Halifax, Burnet, and Devonshire at the free conference with representatives of the Lower House which favoured it. His resistance, he told Swift, implied no hostility to the Church, or at all events no friendliness to Nonconformists. But the war proceeded. It was decided to despatch reinforcements to the Peninsula, and Peterborough was asked to lead them. The air had long been full of rumours of important posts he was to occupy. At last he was gazetted General and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in the Fleet, on March 31st, 1705. He had been restored to his seat in the Privy Council two days before. In April he was appointed General and Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in Spain. On May 1st he was made Joint-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet. His instructions gave him liberty to serve on board the fleet or ashore at his own discretion. It was a bold step to commit a fleet to the charge of a politician now in his forty-seventh year, who had not served on board ship for a quarter of a century, and had never discharged active duties beyond those of a cadet. There was almost more audacity in entrusting an army to one who, unless possibly at Tangier at the same distance of time, is not supposed to have been ever in the presence of an enemy by land. But in that age experiments of the kind, when a peer aspired to military honours, were not rare. Marlborough, when an army was first confided to him, had scarcely more experience. Besides, Marlborough, induced by his wife, warranted Peterborough, as Peter-

borough was proud to admit and as the duchess never forgot. Public feeling in general was not shocked by the arrangement. Only one Thornton, a Northamptonshire justice of the peace, spoke "reflecting words" on his lord-lieutenant, and he was struck out of the commission for his candour.

Peterborough's colleague at sea was Sir Cloudesley Shovel, with whom he had in boyhood sailed and fought. Sir John Leake was another of the admirals. His second in command of the troops was Major-General Henry Conyngham. He was accompanied by Brigadier-Generals Lords Donegal, Charlemont, and Shannon, Richard Gorges and James Stanhope. Colonel John Richards was director of the artillery. Major-General Scratenbach and Brigadier-General St. Amant commanded the Dutch contingent of troops. The original intention seems to have been to aid the Duke of Savoy. Victor Amadeus the Second, though his second daughter was married to Philip the Bourbon King of Spain, had thrown in his lot with the Allies. He was endeavouring to wrest from the French the Spanish possessions in Italy, and also threatened an invasion of Provence and Languedoc. In September Peterborough was confidently expected at Nice, which, it was supposed, would be his base of operations. Cavalier had come thither and was preparing for a rising of the Camisards. The English Ministry did not concentrate its attention upon Spain proper. It thought of the Spanish dominions at large, and, desiring to strike a blow at any spot in them where it would be most injurious to France, began by considering that the campaign which the Duke of Savoy was conducting offered the most efficacious point. Accord-

ingly it had meant Peterborough to make for that. Lord-Treasurer Godolphin appears to have never relinquished this view, and to have been continually aggrieved at the deviation from it. Twice in September he reminded Peterborough that Savoy was his rightful destination. At the same time the general's instructions undoubtedly left him much latitude in the choice of operations to suit the circumstances as they appeared on the spot. Though in various ways he knew the inclination of the Government and its chief, the line laid down for him was little more precise than that he was to make a vigorous push in Spain. After a time, when it became necessary to fix the direction of the attack, it seems that the Queen's ministers, Godolphin among them, were disposed to think that the expedition, before going to Nice, might take advantage of its presence in Spanish waters to attempt some point on the coast. It had been represented to them that Catalonia was prepared to rise, and they directed Mr. Mitford Crowe, an able diplomatic agent, to report on the feeling of the Catalans. While it is too much to assert that Peterborough was commissioned to commence his campaign in Catalonia, it is plain that an attack at some time upon the French rule in that province had been deliberately contemplated.

On May 22nd, after receiving the sacrament in church and taking the oaths in the Court of Queen's Bench, he posted to Portsmouth. The expedition sailed with him from Spithead at the end of May, and reached Lisbon on June 20th. He found there King Charles, and Lord Galway still suffering from the loss of an arm at

Badajoz. Landgrave George of Hesse Darmstadt, the hero of Gibraltar, arrived on July 11th from that fortress, and a council of war was held the next day. Some present appear to have recommended an attack upon Cadiz; but the peremptory refusal of the Portuguese to assist put an end to that project. A majority, including the King, Prince George, Peterborough, and Galway, preferred to try Barcelona. The Prince six weeks earlier had preferred a disembarkation on the Valencian coast and a march direct to Madrid; now, in deference, it is said, to the English Ministry, he recommended strongly the Barcelona project. He had been a very popular Viceroy of Catalonia under Charles the Second of Spain, and maintained a close connection with influential inhabitants. Not a whit discouraged by the ill success of the attempt of the year before when he had accompanied Rooke, he was certain that the peasantry would rise, and that the citizens would open the gates so soon as he was known to be at hand. Peterborough favoured the enterprise, as the only plan which, after the Portuguese rejection of the Cadiz project, was feasible. He wrote on July 20th to Sir John Leake that all advices agreed six thousand men and twelve hundred horse were ready in Catalonia expecting their arrival, with a general goodwill of all the people. It was decided to sail to Barcelona, and Prince George returned meanwhile to Gibraltar.

Peterborough's army numbered six thousand five hundred, two-thirds English and Irish and one-third Dutch. There were three English, three Irish, and four Dutch regiments. The English and Irish were principally raw recruits, with a plentiful proportion

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of gaol-birds. Many are said to have been kidnapped rustics and artisans. Galway, however, lent Peterborough Lord Raby's and General Conyngham's dragoons. A regiment five hundred strong had been raised from among the Catalan refugees and acted as Charles's personal guard. The expedition had been sent out very poorly equipped. As Master-General of the Ordnance the Duke of Marlborough, who thought no campaigning except his own material, grudged an outlay of £13,764 by his department. He had not thought "half the stores necessary." A consequence was that Peterborough's first business was to raise money to supply deficiencies. He induced a Portuguese Jew, Curtisos, to lend £100,000 on bills drawn upon Lord-Treasurer Godolphin. Six weeks passed before he was ready to proceed, though he was not to blame for the delay. John Methuen, the British Minister in Portugal, wrote to Godolphin, who was properly solicitous that the expedition should not loiter at Lisbon: "My Lord Peterborough seems as little to need the being put in mind that time is on this occasion of all things most precious as any man I ever saw, being employed every hour, day and night, in hastening all he can." Sir Cloudesley Shovel and the main body of the fleet sailed from Lisbon before the troops were ready. On July 24th Peterborough followed with the troops, having on board as his guests Charles, his minister the Prince von Lichtenstein, and the rest of his suite. He spent on their entertainment a large sum, which is supposed to have been never repaid to him. Paul Methuen, John Methuen's son, went as Queen Anne's envoy to the King, and off Tangier they were met by Shovel and the fleet.

At Gibraltar, by previous arrangement with Galway, two raw English regiments were replaced by three regiments of Guards, and by Marines, in all three thousand two hundred seasoned men. There Prince George joined them with a detachment of Spanish troops. Among the officers was Juan Basset y Ramos, a colonel in the Austrian service, and an engineer who had served under the Prince during the siege of Gibraltar. He was a native of Valencia, where he is said to have followed the profession of a sculptor, but his enemies alleged that he was a fugitive from justice.

At this point the campaign may be considered to have opened, and few in military annals have been more remarkable. It is only to be regretted that the evidence on which the story rests is not a little more consistent and unassailable. In quantity there is no deficiency. The drawback is that the whole is tainted in all directions with a violent spirit of partisanship. Peterborough, in every phase of his character and every point of his career, had and has the gift of dividing inquirers into two hostile camps, furious eulogists and furious censors. Dr. John Freind, as accomplished a logician and scholar as he was eminent in science and medicine, attended him in his Spanish campaigns as physician to the British forces. Peterborough on his return handed his papers to Freind that he might compile a vindication from them. It was published in London in 1707, under the title of *An Account of the Earl of Peterborough's Conduct in Spain, chiefly since the raising the Siege of Barcelona*, 1706. Though composed mainly of official documents, its object lays it open necessarily to

the suspicion of bias in the acceptance and in the rejection of details. In a sequel of a less official complexion the author described the campaign of Valencia. He seems in that to have given himself a freer hand, and to have woven into his narrative, with or without Peterborough's connivance, an assortment of camp stories. The Account was followed by a cloud of pamphlets on both sides, but on neither are they of much if any historical authority.

Long afterwards, in 1728, there came out the *Military Memoirs of Captain George Carleton, from the Dutch War*, 1672, *in which he served, to the conclusion of the Peace at Utrecht*, 1713. The volume is still one of the mysteries of literature. Its reputed author, who describes himself as a nephew of Sir Dudley Carleton, says that he fought as a volunteer at Solebay in 1672. In 1674, after peace was concluded between Charles the Second and the Dutch, he accepted a commission from the Prince of Orange. He remained in the Netherlands till the Peace of Ryswick, and afterwards served in England and Ireland. In 1705, the writer says, Peterborough employed him on the recommendation of Lord Cutts in his Spanish expedition. Though not a professed engineer he acted as one at the siege of Barcelona, and was on the English general's staff. He stayed in Spain after Peterborough's departure, first as a combatant and subsequently as a prisoner, till 1712. An officer of the name was in 1700 a captain in the 27th regiment, then stationed at Dublin, in which year he was for a brawl placed on half-pay. As a volunteer, without a particular post, he went to Spain in 1705, and served as an assistant. Among the Treasury papers in the Record Office is a memorial, dated February

16th, 1722, demanding arrears of pay, by a Captain George Carleton, described as an engineer in Spain. This proves the existence of such a person as the alleged author. The memorialist states that Lord Peterborough commanded him to serve as an engineer at the sieges of Barcelona, Requena, and Cuenca, and that he also acted as engineer at the sieges of Alicante and Denia, where he was taken prisoner. He must have died before September, 1730, when he would have been seventy-eight, since in that month administration of his effects was granted in Ireland. The author allows it to be understood that he employed his leisure in setting down his reminiscences.

Though historians in the last century did not refer to the memoirs as authoritative, no writer of the period appears to have declared them fictitious. Readers of Boswell will recollect how Johnson, when the work was introduced to his notice by Lord Eliot in 1784, sat up half the night devouring it. He accepted it simply as that it pretended to be, finding in it, he said, such an air of truth that he could not doubt its authenticity. In the present century Sir Walter Scott showed the same faith. An edition called the fourth, but really the fifth, was published in 1809, for which Scott wrote a delightful preface, with characters both of Carleton and Peterborough, implying his entire belief in the veteran. Since the days of Scott, Major Warburton, Peterborough's first regular biographer, and Colonel Frank S. Russell, whose life of him appeared in 1887, agree in treating the memoirs as direct evidence by an eye-witness. Lord Stanhope, in his *History of the War of the Spanish Succession*, is as

trustful. He commends the plain, soldier-like narrative as the most valuable, perhaps, because the most undoubtedly faithful and impartial, of all our materials for this war. Yet for some time past the genuineness of the work has been very seriously questioned. Walter Wilson, a biographer of De Foe, claimed it for him in 1830 on the evidence of style. Lockhart, in his life of Scott, in 1836, adopted the same view. He allows that the compiler or editor may, as De Foe in his *Cavalier*, have had before him "the rude journal of some officer who had fought and bled in the campaigns described with such an inimitable air of truth." But he thinks there was a compiler or editor, and he believes he knows who he was. He speaks confidently of "a pretty general belief now that Carleton's memoirs were among the numberless publications of De Foe." Another critic prefers to attribute them to a Rev. Lancelot Carleton, Rector of Padworth, Oxfordshire, who seems to have previously been chaplain to a dragoon regiment in the Spanish war. The latest theory is that of Colonel Arthur Parnell in his very recent *History of the War of the Succession.* He is convinced that Captain Carleton's share in the volume, if anything at all, was confined to the loan of some rough jottings to an accomplished bookmaker. The promoter of the work, who "conceived its production, paid for its publication, and inspired its central position," was, he has satisfied himself, Peterborough, to "the lying relation" of whose actions and conduct much of it is confined. The actual writer, he thinks, was most probably Dean Swift. On the evidence of style it is most unlikely that Swift composed a volume free from a single sarcasm or vituperation. It is equally

difficult, on the mere evidence of style, to assign to De Foe a book which did not even appear in his lifetime, and was never attributed to him for a hundred years after his death. Wonderful as was De Foe's invention of the method of historical fiction, imitation was not impossible; and great as is the merit of the Memoirs, it scarcely reaches De Foe's high standard. Probably the share of the editor who put the materials into shape was rather less, and the share of the old officer who lent his name rather more than it has become of late the fashion to concede. But at the same time it may be freely admitted that, with such a joint authorship, it is impossible at this date to separate the original from the added ingredients. On the whole, it is too hazardous to cite Carleton's Memoirs as sober history.

Happily for the conscientious enjoyment of the Peterborough epic, the present age, if it has to station Captain Carleton in the limbo of historical romance, has discovered evidences indisputably authentic, and mutually independent, yet telling generally the same story. Narcissus Luttrell's *Brief Relation of State Affairs from* 1678 *to* 1714, printed by the Clarendon Press some thirty years back, supplies a multitude of corroborative allusions to the importance of the position occupied in popular estimation by Peterborough as a military leader. Lord Stanhope, in 1834, printed from the originals at Chevening a collection of letters addressed from the continent to his ancestor, the first Earl Stanhope, by Peterborough between March 31st, 1705, and July 18th, 1707. The Marlborough correspondence includes many letters between the duke and duchess, and between one

or other of them and Godolphin or Peterborough himself, which shed light on the earl's Spanish campaigns. Both the Chevening and the Blenheim papers accord on the whole with the popular view. Still more direct testimony to the agreement of the current Peterborough tradition with the judgment of professional experts has been discovered. It is contained in the Richards papers, part of the Stowe manuscripts sold at the fourth Earl of Ashburnham's death to the British Museum, and in a journal kept without apparent view to publication by Colonel James de St. Pierre, an officer present during the siege of Barcelona with his regiment, the Royal Dragoons, and found many years after his death among family documents. General Richards served under Galway in the campaigns of 1703 and 1704 on the Portuguese frontier. He accompanied Peterborough from Lisbon as a colonel and commandant of artillery, took a conspicuous part in the siege of Barcelona, and was sent with despatches home. He went with Brigadier-General Stanhope, and returned in the spring with Stanhope in Sir John Leake's fleet. After the relief of Barcelona he attended Peterborough to Valencia in June, and on July 13th was again sent by him on a mission to England. Much credit is due to Colonel Russell for the care with which he has collated Colonel de St. Pierre's and General Richards's journals. Statements by the latter, as in his *Memorial of the Expedition to Barcelona*, are of especial importance on account of the attitude their author eventually assumed towards Peterborough, whom he judged without enthusiasm or sympathy. When praise is awarded it carries double weight; and for the conduct of the siege

of Barcelona it is given liberally. Together Richards and St. Pierre, of whose substantial existence, with the authenticity of their diaries, there is no question, supply very sufficiently the place left vacant by the shadowy Dublin captain Carleton.

CHAPTER IV

CAPTURE OF BARCELONA

At Gibraltar a plan of operations was settled, and on August 5th the confederate fleet sailed towards the north-west. It anchored for a time in Altea Bay in Valencia. A manifesto was here circulated in which the Spaniards were told that the allies came to deliver the Spanish nation from the insupportable yoke of foreigners, that is, Frenchmen, and that they were escorting the true king. The fortified town of Denia surrendered, and Juan Basset y Ramos was appointed its governor. Charles the Third was proclaimed King of Spain and the Indies. At this juncture a project occurred to Lord Peterborough which, in Lord Stanhope's opinion, "exhibits in strong colours his rare union of the most calculating skill with the most chivalrous courage." Philip's forces were occupied either in garrisoning Barcelona, or under Berwick on the Portuguese frontier in watching Galway and the Portuguese general las Minas. Peterborough's plan was to march straight upon Madrid, which was only a hundred and fifty miles off. Barcelona he knew to be strong, if not impregnable; and on the road between the Valencian coast and the capital Charles, he thought, might reckon upon faint opposition and much active assistance. But

he could not persuade the Austrian councillors, who were bent on commencing with an attempt upon friendly Barcelona, after which they professed themselves willing to try Madrid. Peterborough had to yield to them, and to a council of war which thought such an enterprise hazardous. The fleet, moving onwards, anchored off the east of Barcelona on August 16th, and narrowly missed capturing a Neapolitan ship, which was conveying reinforcements, with the Duke and Duchess of Popoli, into the town.

Immediately it became manifest to Peterborough's officers, military and naval, that they had been brought on a bootless errand. They had been led to believe by the Prince of Hesse, and the *London Gazette* had announced at home, that the city was ill fortified and ill garrisoned. They expected that the townsmen would rise and open the gates, and they understood that the peasantry had levied an army of ten thousand men to cover their landing. They found a formidable fortress with strong walls, plentifully provisioned at the expense of the neighbourhood which had been stripped bare, held by a force of five, if not seven, thousand soldiers under a vigilant governor, Francisco Velasco, well able to repress any mutinous spirit among the inhabitants. The allied army, with the additions it had received at Gibraltar, was little more than seven thousand, a number utterly inadequate for the regular siege, by batteries and trenches, of a city of the size and power of Barcelona. Only enough serviceable horses survived to mount a hundred and twenty dragoons. The local army, which was to co-operate, had shrunk to a body of fifteen hundred half-disciplined Miquelets, as the armed peasants

were called, after a former and famous captain. Peterborough's instructions obliged him to consult his officers, whether ashore or afloat, before any decisive movement; his Government, which had given him an army, being possibly conscious that a command does not necessarily bring experience. A council of war was consequently convoked on board the "Britannia" so soon as the fleet arrived off the city, at which the King was present. The unanimous conclusion of the eleven military officers was that a siege was impracticable, for the engineers declared that the batteries would take a longer time to construct than the Dutch ships, which were wanted elsewhere, could stay. The council offered instead, either that the fleet should sail to the help of the Duke of Savoy, or that Peterborough's alternative of leading the troops along the coast should be accepted. After reducing the country to obedience he could, he explained, find them winter quarters, where they might be held ready for a spring march on the capital. A little later a disembarkation, which was consistent with either resolution, seems, after a failure due to the surf, to have been successfully effected, though the contemporary accounts do not agree on the day. It must have been before August 22nd, when the second council of war was held, if it be true that every council after that of the 16th met in the camp before Barcelona. The troops were landed two miles east of the town, near Badalona at the mouth of the Basoz, in five hours, without any resistance from the garrison. The second council, on the 22nd, affirmed the view of the first, though Peterborough had then come over to the side of Charles, to whose wish he represented the propriety of paying the utmost respect. The King

earnestly entreated that siege operations should be conducted at all events for eighteen days, and when the third council assembled on August 25th, Peterborough had won over his friend Brigadier James Stanhope, afterwards the well-known Lord Stanhope, and Brigadier de St. Amant to consent so far. The Dutch commander and several other officers still held out; but finally, on August 26th, the council acquiesced in the mounting of a battery of fifty-two guns, subject to the conditions that the King should supply Miquelet auxiliaries, and that the fleet, which was to furnish the guns, should contribute the means of working them, together with fifteen hundred sailors to reinforce the regular troops. If a practicable breach were made, it was agreed that an assault should be delivered; but on all sides it was determined that the siege should not be prolonged beyond eighteen days, according to the letter of the King's entreaty.

Peterborough's real inclination and intentions, during the controversy and for the following fortnight, are not easily traced. It was alleged against him that he voted sometimes one way at a council in the camp and another way at a naval council; that at first he changed his mind almost daily. Prince George and the King never had any doubts. From the first they were resolved to besiege Barcelona, and they let no rival plan draw them away. Without their pertinacity English military history would have missed one of its most brilliant pages. From Peterborough's demeanour it would appear that from an early period he regarded the enterprise as a suicidal folly, into which he had been tricked by sanguine schemers. Yet the invaders enjoyed several advantages. Velasco,

though a brave soldier, was inert. He had not, as he might have, interrupted the landing, nor was he addicted to the making of sorties. The country, with all the avenues of information, was at the absolute disposal of his enemies, for the Miquelets, if inefficient as regular combatants, hermetically sealed the garrison and citizens within the walls. But all this was to little purpose against fortifications which were, for the force the expedition could bring to bear upon them, impregnable. The battery manned by seamen, and eight field guns on the hills, barely sufficed to check the fire from the walls, while the nature of the ground, a dead boggy level, prevented the construction of approaches. Thus the prescribed eighteen days were all but spent, and wholly without effect. Councils were called both ashore and on board ship, and on August 28th it was decided that further attempts were useless. The heavy artillery was embarked, the tents and baggage were being packed, and notice was given to Shovel that he must prepare to sail. Soldiers and sailors, especially the latter, were sulky at the confession of failure. The King and his Court were profoundly indignant, and the Prince of Lichtenstein in particular is described as giving himself "most horrible airs." Peterborough was the chief mark for indignation. The Germans regarded his colleagues as his mere instruments, refusing to believe in the ministerial directions to go to Italy to which he had appealed. Violent efforts were made to have the departure deferred, and Shovel, who with his officers thought September too late for a voyage to Nice, seems to have encouraged them. Peterborough was willing to come to a compromise which should disguise

defeat. Freind, whom Carleton follows, reports that he and the Prince had ceased to speak for some time, estimated by Carleton at more than a fortnight, before September 13th; but though their controversies had doubtless left much soreness this cannot be strictly true. An intricate negotiation on the character the campaign was henceforward to assume was being at that very period conducted between them. They agreed that the troops should march along the coast to Tarragona, and a naval council of war, at which both Shovel and Leake were present, on August 31st, stated its willingness to concur. On September 2nd Peterborough wrote asking the Prince to give the necessary orders to his Spaniards for this march, as an alternative proposed by a council of land officers to the attack on Barcelona which it had pronounced impracticable. Then, between September 2nd and September 7th, Peterborough and his officers must have been induced to entertain a design for another stroke at the city. On the latter day the Prince assured Peterborough of the King's sincere intention to assist the march to Tarragona, and hoped that Peterborough was equally determined to make the fresh attempt on Barcelona of which the council of war had approved. On September 8th Peterborough, being busy writing, asked the Prince, if at leisure, to spare him a moment, and a letter of the next day from the Prince, avowing eternal friendship and perfect veneration, alludes, though not very clearly, to the arrangement they had made. Apparently Peterborough had offered, if Charles would undertake the responsibility to the English Government for a further stay on the Catalonian coast, to abstain from raising the

siege formally and finally. Charles seems to have regarded Shovel as the prime mover in the transaction; and Prince George wrote to the admiral on September 10th to say how much the King rejoiced at this good resolution to go on with the enterprise, which he believed to be owing entirely to Shovel. But it is manifest that the Prince, if he trusted Shovel more, maintained an intimate correspondence with Peterborough; that he knew the determination of the plan of the campaign rested chiefly with him; that he and the King rejoiced at the grant by him, with the consent of his council, of any respite from an absolute abandonment of the siege. It is also clear that on September 10th they did not imagine they were on the eve of the adoption of a step which has elevated the siege of Barcelona to the rank of an epoch in military history. The fresh attempt on the town to which the Prince held Peterborough pledged, and for which he had thanked Shovel, cannot have been the coming attack of September 13th, since it was distinctly one of which a council of war had heard and approved.

An essential point in the defences of the city was Montjuich or Monjuich, a fort surmounting a hill seven hundred and thirty-five feet high, and commanding, as it still commands, the city from the south-west. It was a position of no vast dimensions but strong by nature, and military engineers had provided it with abundance of bastions and other outworks. The officers of the garrison of Barcelona, deeming it impregnable, as indeed it had hitherto shown itself, had not been careful to man it very liberally. Peterborough determined to assault it; and the received English belief has been that

it was peculiarly his own plan. Richards, who found nothing to commend in Peterborough's subsequent conduct of the war, described him as "the sole projector." But lately doubts have been cast upon that view, and Colonel Parnell has transferred the whole merit of the design, and, by implication, of the execution also, to the Prince of Hesse. Peterborough is shown very truly to have had little love of the siege. He had proposed at Denia to supersede it by a march on Madrid; he allowed the operations to be conducted in a half-hearted fashion; he willingly accepted, if he did not initiate, the decision to retire, whether upon Tarragona or to Italy. Thence it is inferred that it is unlikely he should have formed the Montjuich scheme, and even in his own time the honour was in some quarters given to Prince George, though, as Dr. Freind observes, the Prince had no command in the army, and therefore no power of carrying out the design, whoever may have been its author.

Peterborough may have borrowed the idea from one quarter or another. Colonel Russell cites a statement by Colonel de St. Pierre in his diary, made with details which are very circumstantial and very improbable, that he hazarded the suggestion to Peterborough on Friday night, September 11th. No delusion is more common among the most honest subordinates in an army than that they are the real authors of decisive movements which their chief has the credit of having carried out. Upon Peterborough, at any rate, it depended whether the attack should be undertaken, and how. Secrecy was of the essence of success, and it was guarded most carefully on the present occasion. In that Peterborough would

find no difficulty, for he loved a secret, and used to say of himself, "When I desire a thing extremely I rather conceal than own my inclination." His real intention, which may or may not have been formed some time previously, was even now not disclosed to his friend Stanhope, or to Paul Methuen, the British diplomatic agent at the little Court. Richards, being commandant of the artillery, had to be told, but he did not hear of the plan before the evening of September 13th. The exact period of the disclosure to Prince George is uncertain. On Sunday morning, September 13th, Peterborough, it seems, came to the Prince's quarters, and we may reasonably suppose that the plan was then laid before him. At any rate he had time to send word of it on that day to the King, since a letter is extant, dated on the same evening, in which Charles expresses his joy at the news brought him by the Prince's adjutant that the attack was about to be made. The army at large, however, was undoubtedly kept in entire ignorance. It simply received orders that a force of twelve hundred Englishmen and two hundred Dutchmen was to be ready before night to proceed towards Tarragona. The news reached the garrison of Barcelona, and it celebrated the discomfiture of its antagonists with festivities.

At six in the evening the march towards Tarragona began. Four hundred grenadiers formed the advance guard. Peterborough, accompanied by Richards, called at Prince George's quarters. According to Carleton, he said the Prince might now judge whether the troops had deserved the character he had so liberally given them; and the Prince, it is alleged, replied that he could hardly believe troops marching that way would

make any satisfactory attack against the enemy. The story is manifestly a camp legend, except the conclusion that without further words he called for his horse. By ten o'clock he and Peterborough overtook the advance guard. Then the course was changed, and two hours before dawn the column was at the foot of Montjuich. A body of two hundred men had missed the path: the remainder halted for rest and daylight; and at break of day simultaneous assaults on other outworks east and west were commenced. Peterborough and the Prince joined in the assault on the east, and Carleton says he was with them. A bastion towards the town was captured, and Peterborough with the Prince pursued the flying garrison through a covered way, which they occupied and barricaded with stones. Two reverses all but fatal followed. First the Prince of Hesse fell mortally wounded by a cannon shot in Peterborough's sight, and two hundred of his men were taken prisoners. He had imprudently approached with his brother, Prince Henry, close to the inner fort, in the belief that the shouts raised by its defenders in welcome to a reinforcement from the city were shouts of surrender. Immediately afterwards, Peterborough having quitted the bastion for a short space in order to ascertain the truth of a report that a great body of horse was galloping from Barcelona, a panic seized his men in the outworks. It was shared, or at any rate was not checked, by Lord Charlemont, who had been left in charge. The position was being evacuated when news of the movement was brought by Carleton himself, it is stated in the Memoirs, to Peterborough. Richards agrees with Carleton that without the Earl all would now have been lost. Falling, says Richards, into

the horriblest rage that ever man was seen in, with a great deal of bravery and resolution he led the troops back again to the posts which they had quitted. "The resolution," he adds, "was becoming so great a man. We should have lost all we had got, had not my Lord Peterborough come up with us, who, as he was the sole projector of the enterprise, so was he our only support in our misfortune." According to Carleton, the capture of the Prince of Hesse's two hundred soldiers averted a worse evil. They were met on their way to the town by the three thousand of the garrison whom Peterborough had gone to reconnoitre. Their statement, on being questioned, that the leaders of the attack on Montjuich were Peterborough and the Prince, was taken as proof of the presence of the whole besieging army. In dismay the relieving column retired. The attack by the other division on a demi-bastion westwards had been equally successful. The fortress was isolated from the town through the abandonment of the fort of San Bertran by its garrison. Stanhope came up with a thousand men: five guns taken in the outworks were turned against the inner citadel; and a couple of hundred sailors dragged up heavy guns and mortars from the fleet. On the fourth day the end came. Colonel Southwell fired a shell which blew up the powder magazine, with Prince Caraccioli, the commandant of the fortress, and fifty of his men. The Miquelets rushed in, followed by Peterborough in time to prevent a general massacre.

First the funeral obsequies of the Prince of Hesse, slain at the age of thirty-six, were splendidly solemnised in a Capuchin convent beside the Montjuich hill, Peterborough, who had forgotten old enmities,

making them his own especial care. Thenceforward he set himself down in earnest to the capture of the city. No longer had either he to complain of sulky criticisms and grudged obedience, or the Austrian Court of a mere pretence of a siege. Formidable batteries were erected and regular approaches planned. Five hundred bombs were thrown in from ketches. The defence was as passive as before, and much less obstinate and confident. A rebellious spirit showed itself among the citizens, which Velasco tried to repress by expelling the malcontents. By October 3rd a practicable breach had been effected, and on that day Peterborough wrote to Queen Anne, referring modestly to the capture of Montjuich, and requesting "supports of all kinds for this happy beginning." In vain Velasco constructed fresh intrenchments within, and laid mines. Peterborough, who, as well as the King, was only too reckless of danger, personally directed the throwing of a couple of shells. They tore down the new work and exploded the mines prematurely. He might have stormed the town at once but for his numerical weakness. Taking his power to do it for the deed, he wrote on October 6th to his wife, giving her joy "upon taking Barcelona, which is effected." With the same sense of perfect ability to be its master at any moment he chose, he addressed a summons, the last letter, he said, which he should write, to the governor. Velasco agreed to capitulate if he were not relieved in four days. The garrison, it was stipulated, was to march out with all the honours of war, to take away with it nineteen pieces of artillery with the proper ammunition, and to be conveyed by sea to a place selected by the governor.

The gate of San Angelo was to be delivered up straightway to Peterborough.

On October 9th the capitulation was signed. Stanhope and a brigadier from Barcelona were exchanged as hostages. But next day the townsmen, alarmed at a rumour that Velasco intended to transport with him many of them as hostages, rose against the garrison. The rioters were aided by Miquelets, whom the carelessness or complicity of the sentries had allowed to steal inside. The turmoil within made itself perceptible to the besiegers, and Peterborough, at the request, according to St. Pierre, of Velasco, intervened. He entered by a wicket in the gate of San Angelo, and was joined from the town by Stanhope, who, having resided in Madrid when his father was ambassador to Spain, knew the language well. Carleton says he was with them. Peterborough's first care was to protect a convent in which many ladies of birth had taken refuge, and had the particular pleasure of rescuing from the Miquelets the fair Duchess of Popoli, whom he gallantly conducted to a place of safety outside the walls. The rioters fired at him, and one bullet pierced his wig. Stanhope afterwards told Burnet that the Earl and he ran more danger from this riot than during the whole of the siege. The English troops at length quelled the tumult. When tranquillity was restored they would have withdrawn till the day specified in the capitulation but for the prayer of Velasco, who found his authority at an end. So the gates were all thrown open, and he was escorted on board an English man-of-war. The residue of the garrison was permitted to march out with the honours of war, and by Velasco's desire conveyed to Malaga. Not more than fifteen

hundred accepted the terms, very many having deserted to the Austrian side. In one particular the capitulation was not observed. No ordnance or stores were resigned to the departing garrison, Peterborough's excuse being the unfitness of a ragged military rabble for such a charge. To the citizens he came as a firm, just, and generous deliverer from a cruel yoke. He at once invited all who had lawful claims upon Velasco to lodge them at the town hall, promising that he would see them satisfied. So soon as the garrison was gone he entertained splendidly at his own expense the principal citizens, partisans of King Philip as well as of King Charles. So implicit was the trust he inspired that, on the morning after the occupation, the shops and bazaars were all open and transacting business. Some fear had been felt of a freethinking Protestant's possible trespasses on the monopoly of Catholic worship. His answer to somebody in authority who had inquired where he would like his troops to celebrate their devotions was reassuring. "Wherever," said he, "I may have my quarters I shall have conveniency enough to worship God; and as for the rest of the army, they shall perform divine service among themselves, without giving offence to anybody."

CHAPTER V

WAR IN VALENCIA

A MIRACLE had been worked for Charles, who thought his fortunes now assured. He entered the gates on October 23rd, and was proclaimed King of Spain. Loyal Barcelona prepared a stately pageant, which he saw from Peterborough's balcony, while the English general scattered dollars in handfuls. At the end of October General Stanhope and Lord Shannon were sent to England, with letters both from Charles and from Peterborough. The King wrote to Queen Anne on October 22nd that the Earl in particular had shown throughout the expedition constancy, bravery, conduct, zeal, and application. He expressed his admiration of the troops for their abstention from the common practice of pillage, and for their good faith in appeasing the disorders with a discipline and generosity without example. Reports had circulated in England towards the end of October of the capture of Montjuich and death of the Prince of Hesse. The first attack was said to have been repulsed. Then, after an interval of several days, a shell, it was rumoured, had exploded a magazine, and Peterborough had stormed the citadel sword in hand. Stanhope arrived on November 23rd with authentic news. On the 29th

the Queen in person announced the "great and happy successes" to both Houses, and communicated to them the King's letter and extracts from that which the Earl had written. Parliament in return presented addresses on the glorious successes of her Majesty's arms. The *London Gazette* published a series of accounts of the exploit. In them praise and regret were awarded to the Prince of Hesse; but it was assumed that the success was wholly due to the "great courage and resolution of the Earl of Peterborough," whom the Prince was said to have, like Lord Charlemont and other officers, "accompanied."

Peterborough was neither trustful nor exultant. He besought Godolphin for supplies. "We perish," he wrote on October 12th, "for want of money. I have in a manner supported all here with my little stock. I sold, mortgaged, and took up a year's advance upon my estate, got all my pay advanced, took all the money up at Lisbon upon my own account that I could anywise get. I have left my wife and children nothing to live upon." He was forced in November to lay an embargo, for the sake of the safety of Barcelona which was destitute of powder, upon half the stock some ships in port were conveying to North Italy. His excuse was a rumour that the Duke of Savoy, not yet, as he was soon to be, his confidant, had made his peace with France. The same month Messrs. Arundell and Bates, English merchants at Genoa, informed Godolphin that, from a sense of patriotism, they had advanced to Peterborough after the capture of Barcelona a sum of twenty thousand dollars. An appeal to the generosity of British merchants for such a trifle shows the straits to which the

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allied army was reduced. He saw magnificent opportunities all in course of being wasted. Even before the capture of Barcelona all the other towns in Catalonia of any account except Rosas had acknowledged Charles. Lerida had obeyed the summons of the Condé de Cifuentes, whom Philip's conduct had alienated. Gerona had received a Carlist garrison. Tarragona by the end of September had capitulated to a squadron of ships under Captain Cavendish, and to Joseph Nebot, who had also occupied Tortosa. Yet it was long before Peterborough could obtain the means of garrisoning the last, which by its bridge across the Ebro was the key to Aragon and Valencia. He could procure no baggage-wagons, medicine, ammunition, or provisions. He could not so much as get the breach of Barcelona repaired. The Dutchmen, whom he praised both as soldiers and sailors, extolling their docility and good faith, had not a farthing of pay but as he gave it them, and his credit was now gone. He could not even raise £6000 to save his own troops from starvation. A thousand men had already been lost by ill usage. Meanwhile the Austrian Ministers, who had neither money, sense, nor honour, were selling places to their greatest enemies; to Counts Uhlfeldt and Zinzerling, above all, to Lichtenstein, described by Paul Methuen as haughty and weak, and by Peterborough as a compound of falsehood, pride, and greediness, who meddled with everything and understood nothing, pompous in success, and given to crying like a child on the least reverse. He had, however, a superior in rapacity and incompetence. It was the captor of Lerida, the Condé de Cifuentes, for many of his con-

temporaries eloquent and patriotic, for Peterborough "maddest of Spaniards," "the Pembroke of Spain," "a Spanish bully," without experience or money, whom this "gang of robbers" had made a grandee of the first class and a viceroy. Peterborough was a good hater and an accomplished reviler, who did not always spare his English comrades. For example, his second in command, Major-General Henry Conyngham, was an eternal screech-owl. Lord Charlemont he wished to compel to sell his regiment for his acquiescence in the panic at Montjuich. He was ready himself to buy him out with £1500, though he could not assent to the condition that he was to be described into the bargain as a hero. But he had fair cause for wrath at the terrible abuse of invaluable time; and as the only remedy, he craved the supreme command both of army and of fleet, without which he desired to be recalled.

He had hoped, so soon as order was thoroughly established in Barcelona, to extend the sphere of operations. His plan had been to march in person with one division of his army south into the kingdom of Valencia while the other half invaded Aragon. But General Conyngham and the Dutch commander, Scratenbach, were urgent on the need of repose for the troops, and Charles also wished to keep them in the city. At length delay became clearly impossible. Events had been moving rapidly in Valencia, both in favour of Charles and against him. Juan Basset y Ramos, the governor of Denia, had by the beginning of December succeeded in seducing from allegiance to Philip, Colonel Raphael Nebot, who had been set with a cavalry regiment to watch the town. Raphael was brother to

Joseph Nebot, and was not likely to be inaccessible to arguments. Together, Raphael Nebot and Ramos reduced Oliva, Gandia, Alcira, and Jativa, and then marched upon Valencia, which opened its gates to them. The Prince of Serclaes, captain-general of Aragon, despatched the Condé de las Torres with a thousand foot and fifteen hundred horse to recover the lost province. Four days before the end of December Las Torres, whose force had been increased on the march, invested San Mateo, a fortified town held by Lieutenant-Colonel John Jones with a garrison of thirty Royal Dragoons, three hundred Catalan Miquelets, and seven hundred Valencian militia, in addition to armed townsmen. Neither the defenders nor the besiegers possessed cannon. The siege lasted thirteen days, and the fall of the town seemed inevitable, when suddenly, on January 9th, the besiegers drew off. At the beginning of the investment Jones had been able to send messages to Brigadier-General Killigrew at Tortosa entreating relief, and compliance with the prayer would seem to have been accelerated by a report which reached Barcelona, while the besieging force was still on its march, that it was encompassed by sixteen thousand armed and hostile peasants. Charles wrote to Peterborough on December 31st that the appearance on the scene of regular troops would throw the Bourbon army into utter confusion, a request which the English general interpreted by hastening in person to the relief. Travelling night and day he reached Tortosa. Then commenced an extraordinary series of marches, manœuvres, and stratagems. The chief authority for the narrative is Dr. Freind's account of the campaign of Valencia, to

which he appended his more argumentative apology for the Earl's conduct in Spain, on the ground that the doings in Valencia had been "so entirely concealed." When they had been mentioned, they had been depreciated, he declares, as "a course of happy temerities." His desire was to prove that they were "the effect of thought and application," that if "his lordship had been much favoured by Fortune it was because he never depended on her."

At Tortosa Peterborough learned that the rumour of the difficulties of las Torres was baseless. On the contrary, it was manifest that the siege was being actively prosecuted by a force estimated at four thousand foot and two to three thousand cavalry, all well equipped except for the want of artillery. Killigrew is said by Colonel Parnell to have been on the point of starting to the relief of Jones when Peterborough arrived. It was for the general then to decide. Colonel Parnell states that the available forces were four hundred and seventy horse, eleven hundred foot, and five hundred Valencian militia, besides a train of four guns. By the accounts drawn up by or for Peterborough, the figures are eleven hundred infantry, a hundred and fifty raw Spanish recruits without muskets, and a hundred and seventy Royal Dragoons mounted on horses which "could not have galloped a mile had it been to conquer the kingdom of Spain." No mention is made of artillery. In comparative numbers the strength of the relieving army is set down as not more than one-fifth of the besiegers. Peterborough determined to redress the adverse balance by policy.

The march commenced on January 6th. On the 8th

Peterborough divided his force into detachments. They took by his direction separate paths, all converging on Traguera, a town six leagues from San Mateo. He hired local spies, whose families he held as sureties for their good faith, and sent two of them forward as if with messages to Jones. One was prepared to be captured, being instructed to affect ignorance of Peterborough's strength and designs, and to refer his interrogators for information to the other, upon whose track he had orders to put them. The second, who had no suspicion that he was meant to be caught, carried an explicit letter from Peterborough to the governor, asserting that an army of six thousand men was then at Traguera, though it was not to be expected Jones "should believe it till he saw them." On the first sight of the troops on the hill-tops near the enemy's camp he was ordered to open the gate towards Valencia and let loose his thousand irregulars for the employment they loved and were fit for, the pursuit and pillage of a flying enemy. He was not to mind what became of the town: "Leave it to your mistresses." He need not try to occupy the hills. On one side would be Peterborough's army; on the other, five or six thousand peasants were lying in wait. Las Torres had, the letter alleged, no possible outlet but by the way of the plain, and the Miquelets, Catalan and Valencian, ought to make sure of him there. The stratagem was successfully carried out. Both messengers were taken. Peterborough had beset all the paths with his skirmishers, who intercepted any veracious intelligence, while his regular troops in small bodies spread themselves everywhere about the heights visible from the camp. At an opportune moment

for the inflammation of the panic a mine burst prematurely and blew up forty of the pioneers, and at length on January 9th las Torres gave the word for a retreat. Jones pursued the rear of his army a couple of leagues as far as Perrasol, while Peterborough seized the camp with a large store of war material, and entered the town itself triumphantly on January 10th. But though las Torres had met with a check, he was still much superior in point of numbers. Peterborough equally feared to pursue him, thereby compelling him to measure forces, and to leave him unmolested in the locality. He extricated himself from the dilemma by an ingenious stratagem. Two peasants guided ten Royal Dragoons across the mountain to the neighbourhood of the enemy's left flank. Going into the camp the spies circulated hints of a plan for blockading the passes into the plain of Valencia. They were not believed, and offered to have their truthfulness corroborated by independent testimony. A couple of Spanish officers were sent back with them, and the dragoons captured them. In the course of a drunken carouse the spies proved their good faith by helping the officers to escape, and their statement on their return appeared to confirm the previous account. Las Torres made a forced night march to secure the precious passes, and relieved Peterborough from the threat of his vicinity.

Peterborough had now breathing-space for the consolidation of his position in Valencia if he were to remain there at all. On the policy of his stay different opinions existed among the King's supporters. Catalonia, it could not be questioned, was now in instant peril. Peterborough learnt by a despatch received from

Barcelona, while he was pursuing las Torres as far as Albocacer, that three armies were about to invade it. A French marshal, the Comte de Tessé, was proceeding with King Philip through Aragon towards Tortosa: the Prince of Serclaes was menacing Lerida; and the Duc de Noailles was marching upon Barcelona from Roussillon. Charles and his advisers, who had but just before been immoderately sanguine, were now in despair. They had heard that Peterborough had ordered a thousand Spanish foot and three hundred horse, entrusted with the defence of Tortosa, to join him in Valencia. Understanding that the brunt of the French invasion would fall on Tortosa and Lerida, they, not perhaps unreasonably, countermanded his directions. Charles wrote to him in terms which indicated his desire that the Earl should relinquish his designs in that quarter and concentrate all his efforts on the rescue of Catalonia. A council of war, convoked by Peterborough at Albocacer on January 12th, took the King's view, and recommended the occupation of a position from which the troops could at once pass to the aid of Barcelona. He had no intention of abandoning Valencia, where all the Carlist gains were sure to be lost if he withdrew his troops. It was even possible that by his progress there he might draw off the attack of Tessé, as is said to have nearly happened. Charles in his letter had, by the use of some vague compliments, left him, as he chose to interpret the words, a discretion. Rather audaciously he availed himself of it. He took the opportunity of his reply on January 27th to the royal letter both to explain his resolution and administer a rebuke which long rankled. "With what I have," said he, "I march

straight to Valencia. I can take no other measure, leaving the rest to Providence." He wished, he said, to perish at least with honour, if the time lost, so much against his inclination, required the sacrifice of him. "If your Majesty," he continued, "had permitted me to march into the kingdom of Valencia when I so earnestly desired it, without making me stay under pretence of the march of imaginary troops, your Majesty probably had not only had at this time a viceroy of Valencia but the kingdom." At the same time he retaliated upon the King's councillors for having presumed to overrule his order to the Spanish garrison at Tortosa. He sent a repetition of his former instructions, with others in the alternative. If the Spaniards, over whom he had no direct authority, were not allowed to join him, he directed Colonel Wills to bring from Lerida or Barcelona an equal number of British regulars. Dismayed at the prospect of losing the backbone of the garrison of Catalonia, Uhlfeldt, Lichtenstein, and the rest raised the embargo on the troops at Tortosa.

Peterborough, without any real intention of sending away the soldiers he had led from Catalonia, so far accepted the advice of the council at Albocacer as to quarter his footsore infantry at Vinaroz. There they had the sea in front, so that it was at all events possible for them to use it, either to escape or to carry succour to Barcelona. He did not stay there himself, but forthwith began beating up the country for a supply of horses. At the head of a hundred and fifty Royal Dragoons he had a brush at Alcalá de Chisvert with the vanguard of the army of las Torres, and sent it flying twenty leagues backward. Galloping with an insignifi-

cant escort to the gates of Nules, which was a centre of the French party, he offered the town six minutes for capitulation. In terror it surrendered, and obeyed his requisitions of forage, food, and two hundred serviceable horses. Las Torres heard who was on his track, and hurried out of Almenara. Peterborough did not trouble to follow him, but ordering up Lord Barrymore's foot regiment of four hundred men from Vinaroz to Oropesa, he mounted it on the horses he had collected, with the saddles and accoutrements he had procured from Barcelona. It became Pierce's Dragoons, and thirty of its old officers were sent to England to raise a new regiment of foot. Altogether he increased his cavalry force from two hundred to a thousand. Not yet content, he started off for Tortosa to hurry up the force he had summoned there. He met it on the march, and led both it and a body of insurgent Valencian militia to his headquarters. Finally, with an army composed of four infantry battalions and two cavalry squadrons, making up three thousand and seventy regular soldiers, besides three thousand five hundred Valencian irregulars whom his scribes do not count, he moved forward to relieve the besieged capital.

Las Torres had been enabled by his superiority in cavalry to reform his army soon after his failure at San Mateo. On his march southwards he occupied by a trick Villareal, where he butchered and pillaged, and Quart, which he burnt. At Murviedro, the site of Saguntum, he placed his sick and wounded under shelter of the castle, which a brave Irishman, Colonel Daniel Mahony or Mahoni, in the French service, held with eight hundred Irish dragoons. He himself moved within

six miles of Valencia, and joined his forces with a body of two thousand three hundred led from Castile by Philip's viceroy of Valencia, the Duke of los Arcos. Together they blockaded the city, and repulsed with loss all the sallies of Basset y Ramos. Nothing but their want of artillery prevented an effectual assault; but they soon quarrelled, and las Torres threw up his command. By this time Peterborough had arrived at Murviedro. A rapid stream with a fortified bridge overlooked by the castle, which was in Mahoni's hands, blocked his progress. Between the opposite shore and the city stretched a wide plain, which would give an advantage to the enemy's cavalry if los Arcos offered battle. Peterborough concocted an elaborate, indeed a superfluously elaborate, scheme for removing the obstacle without positive violence. He paraded a body of men on the neighbouring hillside, and invited Mahoni to an interview, with whom he was connected through his aunt the late Lady Peterborough. At first he endeavoured, or affected to endeavour, to win Mahoni over to the side of King Charles. He pleaded the uselessness at all events of exposing Murviedro, which Mahoni could not defend with his horsemen, to the horrors of an assault by an overwhelming force. Mahoni was convinced. He agreed to surrender the castle if he were allowed to convey away the sick who were in the town. Thereupon, according to the story, two Irish dragoon officers, probably seduced from Mahoni, were instructed by Peterborough to go to los Arcos. They told him they had overheard a promise by Peterborough to obtain Mahoni's promotion to the command of two thousand Irish Catholics with the rank of major-general, and hinted at an

immediate gift of five thousand pistoles. In proof they predicted that a message would be sent by Mahoni requesting him to march forthwith to a point in the plain where he apprehended an attack. In due course a messenger arrived asking the viceroy for assistance in the convoy of the wounded, which seemed to los Arcos to prove Mahoni's treachery. The two Irish officers, returning to Murviedro, spread a suspicion among the multitude of the commandant's perfidy, while Peterborough produced a panic by a discharge of musketry on the river-banks. Mahoni, seeing symptoms of a tumult, consented to the parade of some English dragoons outside the wall, to be ready in case of disturbances for the maintenance of order and for the defence of the citizens from the foreign soldiery. Mahoni's own men, with their train of sick, took alarm at the mysterious complication; their march became a flight, and the fright extended to the Bourbonist viceroy's camp. The whole surprising and discreditable tale is told by Freind, Peterborough's own apologist, without the least intimation of a sense of shame. The best to be supposed is that the imagination of the camp may have invented, or deeply coloured, Peterborough's personal part in the circumstances which led to doubts of Mahoni's fidelity. Suspicions easily might have sprung up spontaneously, and Peterborough would be too cynical to repudiate his individual responsibility for their rise.

In any case Mahoni evacuated the castle and town on February 3rd. Los Arcos had him arrested as a traitor, and sent him to Madrid, where, however, he quickly cleared himself of the charge. The road to Valencia was

left entirely open, and on February 4th Peterborough entered the city in triumph, amidst "extraordinary demonstrations of joy," as the *London Gazette* reported. For four nights the streets were illuminated, and the monks and ladies are represented as being particularly enthusiastic in their welcome. By all he was hailed as a deliverer at once from the attacks of los Arcos and from Basset y Ramos, whose tyranny, according to Peterborough "not conceivable," had, if the stories of it be authentic, been such as completely to justify the Earl's ungracious reception of him. Charles at Barcelona seemed to esteem Peterborough's services as highly as the Valencians. He conferred upon him full powers for the civil administration of the province, having already given him a commission of captain-general in the Spanish service. Unfortunately his strength for operations in the field appears to have been in no way equal either to the splendour of his titles or to the extent of territory which owned his rule. In Valencia he had, by his own calculations or those of his mouthpieces, no more than about three thousand men. Possibly he reckoned only regular troops, his one thousand and seventy horsemen, and Donegal's, Mountjoy's, Gorges's, and Colberg's infantry regiments, which mustered two thousand. He would not count his Valencian militiamen, who are said to have been three thousand five hundred. From Colonel Parnell's computation it would appear that he also omitted two thousand four hundred regulars, horse and foot, Spaniards and Neapolitans, whom he had summoned, much against the inclinations of Charles, from Tortosa and Lerida. If that be the more accurate account, he must have outnumbered the opposing forces, now again under the

command of las Torres, who had replaced los Arcos. Las Torres had led from Aragon two thousand five hundred men, and los Arcos two thousand from Castile. Some important reinforcements, by which las Torres expected to correct, and more than correct, any inferiority, Peterborough succeeded by his energy in intercepting. Sixteen twenty-four-pounders, on the way from Alicante, would have silenced the English artillery, and four thousand Castilians were close at hand to supply numerical deficiencies. The Earl fitted out eight hundred foot and four hundred horse, who in the night forded the Jucar without detection, fell at early morning upon the unsuspicious Castilians, and, as much to the surprise of the Valencians as of las Torres, re-entered the gates with six hundred prisoners. Shortly afterwards a detachment despatched by Peterborough seized the Alicante guns and their ammunition. Again, his sagacity, aided by the alertness of his volunteer intelligence department, served chiefly by devoted monks, and by ladies whom he had the strange gift of fascinating without rousing the jealousy of their lords, enabled him to guess and anticipate the enemy's design of occupying Sueca and Alcira. The two places commanded the bridge of Cullera over the Jucar, and his supplies would have been cut off. With all this, however, he had disastrous experience that he must not rely upon the firmness of his native auxiliaries in a direct encounter with trained troops, unless he were actually at their head. Thus he had conceived an admirable plan for a combined attack by himself, and by the six hundred foot and four hundred horse he had stationed in Alcira, upon a division of the besiegers cantoned in villages

fifteen miles from the city. He was at the rendezvous by daybreak, and by signal out sallied the Alcira garrison. Unexpectedly it came upon a picket of twenty Castilian soldiers; instantly the whole body fled, so panic-stricken that the men slew many of their own comrades, and only his arrival hindered a massacre. With difficulty he restored order, and then opposed so sturdy a resistance to the pursuers that they did not venture to press their advantage.

Subject to such occasional disappointments, his success in Valencia was marvellous, and opened to him a grand vista. He looked on the acquisition of Valencia for King Charles as part of a vast programme. His design was at once to distract Bourbon counsels by the danger there, and to use Valencia as a magazine of resources against the invaders of Catalonia. Everything was possible if his own Government would but support him, and if he were allowed to maintain his independence of action against the incompetent and corrupt Austrian Court. He had done wonders in the face of the greatest discouragements. He had won back for Charles the hearts of the Valencians whom Basset y Ramos had estranged, and, as he truthfully asserted, he had such assurance from the Spaniards as one could hardly believe they would give to a foreign heretic. He had created an army which would fight bravely and skilfully enough behind cover, though the officers might be mere robbers, and the soldiers cowards. He, an English Protestant, had effected the whole in a most bigoted corner of Spain, and with the minimum of help from Protestant England. "The first money," he wrote to Godolphin on March 29th, "I

touched came two nights ago. Judge, my lord, our severe trial—information of a flood of enemies from all parts, without a letter in near five months, without any assistance of men or money, without any ground for hopes."

CHAPTER VI

RELIEF OF BARCELONA

WHILE Peterborough, by military genius, statesmanship, and sympathy, was making of the loyalty of Valencia a stronghold for Charles, of which he was for long afterwards to reap the benefit, the safety of Barcelona and the King himself was seriously threatened. The capture of Barcelona had alarmed and irritated Philip and his grandfather. Marshal de Tessé, recalled from the Portuguese frontier, led an army into Aragon. On January 21st, 1706, he was at Saragossa, and ready to follow the course of the Ebro into Catalonia. His own plan was to commence by cutting the communications between Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia, and he would have postponed his march upon Barcelona till, to guard his line of retreat, he had captured Lerida, Tortosa, and Gerona. The French Government as well as Philip's Spanish adherents preferred an immediate attack upon Barcelona. The marshal was instructed not to waste strength on his communications with Aragon. His base was to be a French fleet of twenty-eight sail of the line, eighteen frigates, galleys, and bomb vessels, and a hundred and eighty-four transports laden with a siege train, ammunition, and provisions, which was sailing

under the Comte de Toulouse from Toulon. General Conyngham, who was in command at Lerida, checked at the cost of his own life Tessé's progress for a moment, but the enemy was too powerful to be finally repulsed. In the second week of March Philip arrived in the camp. A bridge was thrown by Tessé over the Ebro near Lerida, where Landgrave Henry of Hesse Darmstadt had succeeded Conyngham as governor: on March 17th Catalonia was entered; and notwithstanding the resistance maintained among the mountain passes by Cifuentes and eight to ten thousand Miquelets, the invaders sat down before Barcelona on April 3rd. About the same time General de Légal arrived from Roussillon with nine thousand men, chiefly drawn from the French armies of the Rhine and Flanders, and fifteen field-guns, and two days previously the Toulon fleet had cast anchor in the roads. Tessé's own force numbered twelve thousand. In all, his army contained thirty-six battalions of French and four of Spanish infantry with thirty squadrons of French and six of Spanish cavalry; Colonel Parnell, however, differs as to the Spanish constituents, placing the total at twenty-one thousand, of whom all, except two troops of horse, were Frenchmen. The camp is said to have covered fifteen miles. Barcelona was at first very inadequately defended. The garrison was scanty. It had been necessary to rob it of Hamilton's foot regiment, a battalion of Neapolitans, and some Catalan recruits for the supply, it is asserted, of Lerida and Tortosa, from which Peterborough had withdrawn two thousand four hundred men for his Valencia campaign. Colonel Parnell reckons the regular garrison of Barcelona by the end of March at no more than

fourteen hundred, with a small English train and some Spanish gunners from Velasco's troops. Dr. Freind puts it at only five hundred when the enemy was five leagues off. But on April 3rd Hamilton's foot, numbering four hundred, rejoined from Tortosa: Lord Donegal, with St. Amant, eluding the blockading fleet, introduced eighteen hundred men from Gerona, where he was governor in the place of Scratenbach who had died; and a dismounted detachment of Conyngham's dragoons slipped in from Lerida. With these the total strength by the end of the first week of April was nearly four thousand regulars, more than half being English and Dutch. In addition five thousand citizens had volunteered for defensive duties, and there were fifteen hundred Miquelets. Outside, Prince Henry and Cifuentes, who may have been mad but was certainly a most efficient partisan, so harassed Tessé's rear that he lost all communication with the interior, and but for the fleet would have starved. The city was never so beleaguered that the entrance of Miquelets and provisions was entirely barred. Still the siege works went steadily on. So early as April 4th the Capuchin convent at the foot of Montjuich was captured. On the 13th General de la Para, the chief French engineer, "the most famous of France," says Freind, was able to cannonade the Montjuich fort itself, which since the former siege had been greatly strengthened by Colonel Petit, the English chief engineer. In the face of an obstinate resistance by Donegal, who was in command, the besiegers made continual though slow progress, and on the 21st they stormed, when Donegal was killed, and all except the keep was taken. That, having become untenable, was evacuated by Count Uhlfeldt, the governor of Barcelona, on April 25th.

Not till the crisis of the assault on Montjuich did Peterborough appear in person on the scene. Had his counsels prevailed, his presence elsewhere would have continued to be more necessary and beneficial. In a letter of March 13th, before the siege was begun, he had entreated Charles to quit the town. His plan, which he prayed might be kept a secret from every one but the Portuguese ambassador, was that Charles should leave Prince Henry viceroy of Catalonia, under orders to follow his advice "in what concerned the war." He "would undertake to maintain Catalonia and Valencia, and perhaps open the way to Madrid." Charles himself was to embark on one of the ships he had ready at Denia, no French vessel being on the coast to endanger the passage. Within a week the King, he engaged, would be in Portugal, where twenty-five thousand troops were opposed on the Spanish border to five thousand of Philip's. Nothing was in the way to prevent a triumphal progress to Madrid. "This, sir," he exclaimed in his letter, "perhaps were the finest stroke in politics that any age has produced, and the least expected." The King's withdrawal, far from being an unfair desertion of the Catalans, was the greatest kindness Charles could render them. He was the prize that rendered the capture of Barcelona valuable to his rival, and his departure would chill the ardour of the attack. Charles did not leave the town. Marshal de Tessé's French biographer asserts that originally he had desired to go, and was restrained only by a popular tumult. When he found it impossible, he declared that the Virgin and two Angels had assured him he might safely stay. After the capture of Montjuich once more he would have gone, and

Lichtenstein advised it, but the townsmen again interposed. As the siege proceeded he became conscious of his precarious plight, and invoked more mundane assistance from Peterborough. Writing on March 30th, he cried: "My hopes are all in you. Lose no time to come to my assistance, lest it prove too late." There is no cause for suspecting that Peterborough was dilatory in his compliance with the summons. He despatched Killigrew with a couple of thousand foot and six hundred horse, and overtaking them at Tarragona, led them into the camp of Cifuentes on April 21st.

His arrival animated the courage both of the Miquelets and of the besieged. He and Cifuentes might in politics be mortal enemies, as soldiers they worked zealously together. Peterborough knew what irregulars could do and what they could not. In a very invidious way he had to show his moral courage by the rejection of requests to him to attempt miracles. He could not but turn a deaf ear to the royal orders or petitions for a rash assault, which was certain to be defeated, upon the fortified French lines. A council of war was unanimously of the same opinion, with the exception of Colonel de St. Pierre who did not gainsay the extreme hazard of the attempt. Peterborough himself formed a plan for the capture of the intrenchments, in concert with a sortie of the garrison, which failed through the arrest of a messenger whose papers disclosed it. His general policy, as had been that of Cifuentes and Prince Henry, was to exhaust the besiegers by an incessant guerilla warfare. As usual he did not spare himself. The defence of Barcelona was included in his retrospect, when subsequently he asserted of his

Spanish campaigns that "he had rarely if ever sent out a party of thirty horse without himself personally leading them." Some exploits, however, seem to have been erroneously attributed to him. Thus he is described as having conducted the Gerona garrison, with its chief Lord Donegal, into the city which it had really entered a fortnight before his arrival. But more commonly the credit of his initiative has been transferred to others. Though the degree of his direct authority over the foreign troops of Charles is somewhat obscure, he evidently was recognised as chief in command over the whole of the forces when he was on the spot. For movements such as the skilful introduction of bodies of Neapolitan soldiers into the town by Prince Henry on April 23rd, and again on April 29th, he must be presumed to have been responsible, and deserves, along with the actual leader, to be praised.

He soon was compelled to recognise that he and the Miquelets could not save the place by themselves. The town might have been stormed, he says, "almost any time after about May 1st." The sole remaining hope was in the advent of the British fleet, and that he set himself to hasten. Queen Anne's Government had at once promised the reinforcements which, through his friend Stanhope and directly by letters to Godolphin, he and King Charles had been soliciting since his capture of Barcelona; but it was slow in redeeming its pledges. At length £250,000 was voted by the House of Commons for the service of Charles, and five fresh regiments with draughts for those already engaged were ordered to proceed to Spain. The total is reckoned by Colonel Parnell as approxi-

mating to five thousand men. Some were to be conveyed by Commodore Price from Plymouth, with six sail of the line and a Dutch squadron, and the rest from Cork by Commodore Walker, with five men-of-war. Sir George Byng was to bring thirteen ships from Portsmouth. Stanhope, appointed ambassador to Charles in place of Paul Methuen, and the Count of Noyelles, a Spaniard in the Dutch service whom Charles had invited to lead his Spanish forces, embarked with Price. Vice-Admiral Sir John Leake, who already had under him a fleet of twenty-one sail of the line and twelve frigates, was to command the entire fleet, and with Lieutenant-General Hugh Wyndham Leake embarked as successor to Conyngham. Not till May 3rd was the whole expedition, consisting of thirty-nine English sail of the line and thirteen Dutchmen, with frigates and transports, united near Altea. There is some conflict of evidence on the dates of Leake's movements down to the day on which he bent his course directly to Barcelona. He appears, after the utmost allowance for contrary winds, and whether he stopped twelve days in Altea Bay or two, to have been at least extremely cautious for an English admiral. Until all the subsidiary squadrons he expected should have arrived he was unwilling to confront the Comte de Toulouse; and only under the pressure of an urgent letter from King Charles had a council of war at Gibraltar decided to move on to Altea, and thence to Barcelona, if it should be ascertained that the enemy numbered no more than twenty-seven sail.

Leake's lazy humour and unwillingness to stir one step out of the way, as Peterborough described his

conduct, may well have been increased by a manifest difference of policy in the two authorities he had to serve. Peterborough had originally received a joint commission as admiral of the fleet which Shovel commanded, and this seems to have been renewed and confirmed in a way which gave him a controlling jurisdiction over the fleet in charge of Leake. Writing from Valencia in virtue of such powers, on March 21st and 25th, he sent Leake orders, which arrived on April 2nd, to land the troops at El Grao, the port of Valencia, at Denia, or at Altea, whence the fleet was to sail at once to Barcelona against the French ships; his own design being, when he had united the fresh troops with his own, to march at once on Madrid. On March 29th, in a letter received by Leake on April 17th, he repeated his injunctions; any troops sent towards Barcelona were sent, he declared, "so far out of the way." On April 7th, the day on which he started for the Miquelet camp outside Barcelona, he wrote a fresh letter, in which he reminded Leake, who received it on April 29th, of his supremacy at sea as well as by land. He intimated that his directions had a prior right to obedience over those which he said he was aware Charles had given, to the effect that Leake was to convey the troops to Barcelona instead of Valencia. By the middle of April it was known in England that he had ordered Leake to land the soldiers at Altea, and thence sail to fight Toulouse at Barcelona, and no doubt was felt at home of his authority so to direct Leake's movements. Gorges, Peterborough's lieutenant in Valencia, himself, on the night of April 29th, carried on board the flagship orders from the general that

the troops should be landed, part in Valencia and the rest at Tortosa. By other letters received together by Leake on May 7th, the admiral was directed to land the mass of the troops at Vinaroz or Tarragona, reserving a thousand for Barcelona, the motive being that the fleet should not be encumbered in a fight by the presence of superfluous soldiers and transports. Leake, with the warships, was entreated to hurry forwards. The destiny of Spain, he was warned, depended upon the arrival of thirty of her Majesty's ships before the taking of Barcelona. Peterborough was the more fretted, and Leake may have been the less disposed to act with sharp promptitude, that the Austrian Court, as he knew, was giving dissimilar orders to the admiral. It was constantly calling for the immediate conveyance of every man of the reinforcements to the besieged city. On May 7th in particular Leake received from Charles an importunate prayer not to linger, or to disembark the troops elsewhere, "as some persons may pretend to direct you, for they can be nowhere so necessary as in this town, which is on the very point of being lost for want of relief." It has been alleged recently that Leake complied with the request of Charles and altogether disregarded Peterborough's, thereby saving Barcelona from capture and the Austrian cause from ruin. It had been charged in Queen Anne's reign by the general's critics that "Sir John Leake relieved Barcelona, if not directly contrary, at least not pursuant, to Lord Peterborough's method." The admiral's neglect of Peterborough's rightful authority is more manifest than his zeal in obeying the King. He loitered to an extent for which the difficulties of navigation before steam, and the pertinacity

of a strong north-west wind, can scarcely have been altogether accountable; and it may be suspected he would have been still more deliberate but for the stimulus sharply administered to him by Peterborough.

Stanhope from the fleet and Peterborough from the shore kept up an active correspondence, and the former in vain urged Leake to hasten on without waiting for Byng. He had arranged with Peterborough that the receipt of a blank sheet of paper cut in a particular way, which would compromise no messenger it might be found upon, should be the sign that the several squadrons had united in Altea Bay and were ready to sail together for Barcelona. At last the token came. Peterborough had ready a thousand English marines and four hundred Dutch infantry, and with these he instantly set out for Sitjes, twenty-one miles west of the city. Within a couple of days he had collected three or four hundred boats for the transport of his whole force, and at once embarked in a felucca with a single aide-de-camp, after giving orders to his officers to make for Barcelona in their boats with all their troops so soon as they saw the allied fleet or heard firing. It was necessary for him to go in person, since his naval supremacy commenced "whenever he thought fit to go on board." All night he lay out at sea waiting for the ships, but no trace of them could be discovered and with morning he returned ashore. The day he spent on a hill, watching. A messenger from Charles who had run the blockade implored immediate succour; it was impossible, wrote the King, to protract the defence. Off again to sea put Peterborough. He was anxious for the relief of the city; he was equally anxious that the French admiral should not hear of the

approach of so overwhelming a navy and escape from the trap. He hoped to be in time to leave part of the fleet behind, so that Toulouse, when the approach of the Allies was announced, might imagine himself a match for them. Farther and farther he bade his boatmen push, till suddenly through the darkness a British warship, the "Leopard," was descried. Going on board he at once took command and sent his orders to Leake. In the course of the morning he shifted his quarters to the "Prince George," the flagship, when the Union Jack was hoisted at the maintop. Mr. Paul Methuen asserted that for this Peterborough was very ill with the seamen, and particularly with Sir John Leake; but the offence could not have been the hoisting of the flag, which was the mere result of the presence of the commanding officer. It must have been thought he had no business, by coming on board either the "Leopard" or the "Prince George," to avail himself of his technical right under his commission to take the naval command out of a professed sailor's hands. He had none, unless he sincerely believed, as in the circumstances he had some ground for believing, that the fleet, if handled by him, was more likely to relieve Barcelona instantly, and also to bring the Comte de Toulouse to a decisive battle. Off Sitjes the flotilla, with his troops on board, joined; on May 8th the entire fleet moored in the Barcelona roadstead, and the same evening Peterborough disembarked the troops. He found no French ships to encounter. The Comte de Toulouse had learnt that the confederate fleet was at hand, and how strong it was, when it was still eighteen miles away, and had forthwith sailed for Toulon. Had he been more obstinate, reckless, or con-

fident Peterborough might have been the hero of a signal maritime victory as well as of a couple of famous sieges.

The arrival of the fleet gave Barcelona absolute safety on the sea-front. By land it lay almost as entirely as before at the mercy of the enemy. All military evidence concurs in the conclusion that, even after the flight of Toulouse, a vigorous assault could hardly have been resisted. Notwithstanding the additions to the garrison, the besiegers, who are reckoned in Tessé's memoirs at fifteen thousand, remained stronger in number. The defenders, worn out by the incessant toils of thirty-five days, were inclined still to despair, and all Peterborough's energy was required to put heart into them. Fortunately Tessé had been moved more than the garrison by the success of Peterborough and the Miquelets in severing communications. All the passes into Aragon had been seized, and he could obtain neither intelligence nor supplies from central Spain. If he eluded the vigilance of his opponents, and pierced through the obstacles to his retreat by the road to Tortosa, or by that to Lerida, he was aware that he would have to fight Galway and das Minas, who were advancing to Madrid and were stronger than he. In Barcelona itself, if he took it, his King's person would be exposed to extreme danger. His base of operations had been the French fleet in the roads, and that was gone. Philip was bent on one more attack on the fortifications, but Tessé persuaded a council of war to overrule him, and on the night of May 11th the French army began its retreat towards Roussillon by Perpignan, discouraged by the total eclipse, on the day before, of the sun, which was the Bourbon emblem. On the rear of the retiring

army hung the Miquelets, who had guessed the French movement and were fully prepared to take advantage of it. Afterwards it was made a subject of accusation against Peterborough that the regular troops did not join in the pursuit, and the omission certainly seems strange. An excuse, though scarcely sufficient, may be that Peterborough feared the risk of a battle, for the French army was still superior in strength. Tessé carried off his baggage, but not his siege-train of a hundred and seventy-five brass guns, thirty mortars, and three thousand barrels of powder, nor an immense stock of flour. To the surprise of the Allies he left the whole untouched. He was able to convey with him two thousand sick and wounded; nine hundred, for want of transport, he was obliged to leave. On their behalf he wrote to Peterborough: "My Lord, you serve me with circumstances more glorious for you, and more mortifying for me, as last year I did my Lord Galway in the siege of Badajos. You perceive the miserable necessity I am under of raising this siege by the arrival of your fleet and the retreat of ours. The fortune of war makes your glory, and at this day my misfortune." Peterborough granted the request, and provided generously, as the French acknowledged, for the medical treatment of his unbidden guests.

It never occurred to Tessé that the leader of the defence, and author of his defeat, was not Lord Peterborough; that the real chief to be solicited was King Charles, Cifuentes, Lichtenstein, Uhlfeldt, Prince Henry, Leake, anybody rather than the commander-in-chief by land and sea of the Allies. To Marlborough likewise it did not appear that his eulogy might bear a wrong address

when he wrote to Peterborough from his camp at Aerzeele on June 17th: "I congratulate your lordship on the great and glorious success of the arms of her Majesty and her allies in obliging the enemy to raise the siege of Barcelona, and to retreat in such confusion and disorder that we are given to hope it has proved the ruin of the greatest part of their army. All the world does justice to your lordship in acknowledging the share you had in this happy success." There was nothing, the Duke said, which might not be expected from Peterborough "after such astonishing actions." The news excited the liveliest admiration at home for the general to whom the credit of the success was mainly ascribed. Since February frequent rumours of his exploits in Valencia had been received. It was said that he had beaten Tessé; it was said that Tessé had taken him prisoner and that he had escaped; las Torres and Tessé were said to have combined their forces. At length it was clearly understood that Peterborough had circumvented all Philip's officers in Valencia, stealing Murviedro from Mahoni, surprising the reinforcements of los Arcos, intercepting the Alicante guns, and generally winning a kingdom for Charles. Justice was then done in the *London Gazette* to his feats. Already, in April, the Queen was preparing to express her gratitude by the present of a rich coach of state and £20,000. The arrival of Captain Delavall on May 30th with despatches describing the relief of Barcelona and retreat of the French, elicited more demonstrations of loyal satisfaction. When, on June 27th, a public thanksgiving was solemnised for the Duke of Marlborough's victory of Ramillies, "our great successes in Catalonia and other parts of Spain" were also ordered

to be commemorated. The Queen attended St. Paul's in state, and one of her chaplains, Dr. George Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, preached. He mingled with allusions to the triumph in Brabant encomiums on the swift reduction first, and the seasonable relief afterwards, of Barcelona by the genius of Peterborough, whose activity, vigour, and noble fire peculiarly adapted him to such an undertaking. A gift of ten thousand ounces of silver plate was added to the coach. On June 11th he was nominated Ambassador-Extraordinary to Charles, with £1500 for his equipage and £100 a week for his table. He valued the post, he told Stanhope, because its powers were "calculated to reduce our German ministers to some bounds." The too youthful father was less grateful when he heard a little later that, out of courtesy to him, his elder son, Lord Mordaunt, was conveying the Queen's compliments to the King of Spain upon the affairs of Flanders. "I own," he wrote, "I could have spared that favour."

CHAPTER VII

DIVIDED COUNCILS—PETERBOROUGH LEAVES SPAIN

After a week of rejoicing and rest the plan of future operations was discussed. Methuen, while he still represented Queen Anne at the Court of Charles, had written to his father, the ambassador in Portugal, on May 26th, 1706, of the heavy and reciprocal complaints exchanged between the Court and Peterborough during the siege. The Court accused him, with some justice, of having left Barcelona in no adequate condition of defence. Not less justly he retorted with abuse of its mismanagement. The vague extent of his designs perplexed and disturbed it. Its thoughts were of Spain, and his were of the whole Spanish monarchy. He hoped to settle Italy as well as Spain, and for the purpose wished the fleet to winter between Genoa and Leghorn. Methuen explained that he had quarrelled all round; with Cifuentes, and with Lichtenstein, whose intolerable haughtiness, unaccountable weakness, and rapacity Methuen also detested; with the King, by his conduct in keeping back money; with the Catalans, whose loyalty he had decried as inferior to that of the Valencians; and with the British fleet, by his dispossession of Sir John Leake. Now, however, for a moment the strife was stilled by

Tessé's retreat. He himself was content to undertake one thing at a time and not all things at once. A conference of sixteen ministers and officers, held under the presidency of the King on May 18th, approved his proposal that the King should march to Madrid through Valencia, and that the general rendezvous should be at Valencia city. By that route the fleet could render essential help. Peterborough's belief was, that in the disorder caused by Philip's failure at Barcelona the speedy presence of Charles at the capital would bring over most of the kingdom. A moderate force in command of the passes towards Navarre would absolutely bar the re-entrance of Philip with his Frenchmen. Four thousand five hundred, or, as was a little later computed, six thousand foot and two thousand horse, besides irregulars and an artillery train, it was calculated, could be made ready, with the requisite transport service, to follow the King and Peterborough. Seven thousand one hundred British and Spanish troops would remain for the defence of Barcelona, Gerona, Lerida, and Tortosa, without count of the Miquelets.

Peterborough, Wyndham, and Richards started on May 28th or 29th by sea for Valencia, and according to the *London Gazette* it was agreed that the King should follow on June 6th. Peterborough proposed, with the resources he had in hand, to strike a blow which he judged would encounter no resistance. But the Austrians procrastinated; according to Freind, Charles waited a month beyond the stipulated date before he could resolve to start. The delay obliged Peterborough to provide for a methodical invasion of Castile. In Valencia he was so far master as to have been

able, without fear for its security, to leave it while the siege of Barcelona lasted. Las Torres, who lingered in a remote corner, was powerless to attack. A regular expedition for the escort of the King through a hostile country, which was beginning to recover from its first panic, could not be instantly extemporised. After three weeks of hard work some deficiencies still remained. On June 23rd Charles actually had marched, when, on the 26th, it is said he was met on the Valencian frontier by a despatch from Peterborough asking him to wait awhile, as the stores for the army's subsistence were not yet entirely in order. The wants of the commissariat were soon supplied. Before this the military forces of the province had been organised for the occupation of the road thence to Madrid, and were fast accomplishing their task. Peterborough, always sensible of the importance of cavalry in Spain, had purchased some hundreds of serviceable horses for £10 a head, which if imported from England would have cost £60. On them he mounted foot-soldiers, whom in six weeks he drilled into a very fair semblance of a dragoon regiment. In half the time he had a movable column of fifteen hundred men ready. He sent it, under General Wyndham, into New Castile to capture Requena, thirty miles off, on the road to Madrid. Carleton, who, we know, acted as an engineer, says that he accompanied Wyndham in that capacity. Wyndham, as he advanced, took Cuenca, ninety miles from Madrid; Gorges marched against Alicante; Alnutt invaded Murcia; Killigrew with five regiments was kept by Peterborough at Valencia. All was in fair train for the King's progress by Valencia to join the Allies in Castile.

Peterborough wrote on June 23rd to Godolphin: "The two thousand horse and six thousand foot with which I march from Valencia into Castile make the case desperate" for Philip. He was able on July 5th to report to Charles the success of the attempts on Requena and Cuenca, and the arrival of two thousand foot and some horse at Alarcon. There was no occasion, he assured him, to postpone his journey any longer. "The way is so free between this and Madrid that the deserters pass three or four in a company. Your Majesty may pass to your capital this way as in a most profound peace, and with what expedition you think fit to make." He sent a deputation of Valencians to Barcelona to solicit the King's presence in their country; he argued on behalf of the route in letter after letter; he declaimed against the refusal to advance towards a crown, against the rejection of a course which would bring the King to Madrid in a few days in favour of a journey of six weeks or two months by way of Aragon, "and all the affairs of Europe in the meantime in suspense." If it were deemed politic to arrange for a military demonstration on the side of Aragon, troops might, he said, be led by that route round to Madrid. The essential thing was that the King himself should travel by the shortest road. Earnestly he besought Charles to hasten: "Sir, it is only in your capital where the proper and necessary orders can be given." He spared no efforts or toil to attain his end: "I am dead," he exclaims, "for want of sleep. Drudgery and writing have brought a defluxion upon my eyes. Were it not for my resolution not to fret, I should die in this hot weather." He was tormented by mosquitoes; he was "out of his wits for

want of wherewithal to enable the troops to march." His requital was contemptuous neglect of the sole procedure by which he knew success was practicable.

For some time he must have felt that a positive change of plan at Court was the cause of a delay of at least two months from the time it was possible, as he wrote to Marlborough, to have commenced the march upon the capital by Valencia. The Valencia route had long been opposed by other counsellors, by Lichtenstein, Uhlfeldt, Cifuentes. They could adduce cogent arguments for their view, though not of the permanent force of those at Peterborough's disposal. Prince Henry had entered Aragon after the siege of Barcelona was raised, and had found the population inclined to the King's cause. His successes showed the existence of an advantageous opportunity. Noyelles led some regiments from Catalonia, and on June 13th he and Prince Henry united their strength. Together they occupied Saragossa, whose citizens had not forgiven the excesses of Tessé's troops in the winter and warmly invited Charles to make their city a stage on his journey to Madrid. Cifuentes used his eloquence to flatter their vanity with invidious comparisons between their voluntary acceptance of the King and the enforced submission of Valencia. They offered a liberal subsidy. The intelligence reached Charles at the time he had been on his way to Valencia city; and he changed his old resolution to direct his progress by that route. He was glad of an excuse for slighting Peterborough, resenting profoundly the caprice, as he regarded it, by which Peterborough had sent him back to Barcelona from the borders of Valencia. This decided him, it was said, to go by

Aragon, declaring that he would have nothing more to do with a man who had made him despicable to his people. He was as indignant at the pertinacity with which Peterborough importuned him to adhere to the old project, and took no notice of several letters, till at length, in reply to that of July 5th, and to three similar appeals since June 30th, he wrote in a tone indicating royal disgust at the freedom of his adviser. Peterborough had offered to go to Barcelona to discuss with him the journey by Valencia; for his zeal the King expressed himself as very much obliged, but, being upon the road to Aragon, and engaged to pursue that way, he considered the journey Peterborough must make to Saragossa to meet him would be too long and difficult. The allied fleet being expected each moment on the coast, he bade him stay where he was to direct the important affair of the Duke of Savoy. This was the mode in which Peterborough was informed of the decision of the King, taken at a council on June 29th against the advice of the Portuguese and British envoys, d'Assumar and Stanhope, to proceed by Saragossa, and of the commencement of his progress thither. Down to this time, or within a few days of it, Peterborough had acted as if the original arrangement held good, and was awaiting, or affecting to await, the arrival of the King at Valencia. That for the present was out of the question. He wrote on July 10th: "It is no more proper to speak to your Majesty upon the resolutions you have taken," though he went on to speak of them, and while promising to sustain what the King had resolved upon and to send a couple of regiments to Aragon, he could not refrain from adding they were so far advanced in Castile that

their march by Madrid would prove the shortest and most practicable way to go to Saragossa.

The change of plan was a cruel disappointment to him, and an irreparable injury to the cause of the Allies in Spain. He saw the whole evil of it present and future. On August 1st he wrote to Stanhope: "The consequences of the most fatal resolution taken by the King appear every day more and more, and I can hardly persuade myself that men in their common senses could fall into such measures. In my opinion, from being absolutely secure of the kingdom their affairs were never in worse circumstances; and a most scandalous and unexpected revolution may happen." Unless in respect of temper and manner, throughout the whole controversy he seems to have been in the right. It was unfortunate that he put himself in the wrong by his neglect of the occasion for acting in Castile in concert with Galway since Charles refused to use the opportunity of acting in concert there with him. By June 27th the Allies under Galway and das Minas had occupied Madrid, where the addition of the army of Valencia would have been of the greatest benefit to them. Their apologists alleged that he turned a deaf ear to repeated requests for his aid; but he always asserted that he received no solicitations and no intelligence. Two expresses from Galway, he stated in the course of the subsequent inquiry in England, had traversed Valencia without any communication for him; one messenger he had compelled on July 6th to sign a memorandum that he passed through the city of Valencia on a certain day without any letter for the Earl of Peterborough. Galway admitted the account to be true of one messenger, but not of two. He explained that the officer had been

ordered to go by Saragossa, but, the road being barred by the enemy, had travelled by Valencia. Other officers, he declared, he had sent straight to Peterborough to ask for assistance, and they had delivered their despatches. Peterborough in any case must have been aware of the movements of the Allies in Castile, and have understood the importance of a junction of his forces with theirs. He ought not to have held aloof on a point of etiquette. The defence which might be of avail in respect of a certain period, that he had to reserve his strength as an escort for the King, will scarcely cover the critical time from the commencement of July. Probably the most real excuse for him is that, in common with the Allies in general, he was not fully conscious before August of the precariousness of the advantage they had gained from the French discomfiture at Barcelona. The English Government assumed that Charles was so far triumphant in Spain as to be able to spare Peterborough's forces for the maintenance of the war elsewhere. Instructions, dated June 12th and 19th, were sent to him and Leake to despatch the fleet with three or four regiments on board to the relief of the Duke of Savoy, who was being besieged in Turin, after which service the forces were to go on to Naples. Peterborough, if it could be arranged, though the Queen left the decision to his discretion, was to lead the troops, on account, Mr. Secretary Hedges told him, of the Duke of Savoy's faith in his great courage and conduct and the success accompanying his person, whereby he had more than once restored affairs when under intricate difficulties. Charles's acceptance of the scheme, besides that it enabled him to intimate his independence of Peterborough's assist-

ance in Spain, implied a sincere belief that the war there was virtually at an end. Assuming with haughty confidence the entire devotion of Aragon, and the absolute security of the road thence to Madrid, he directed Peterborough to prepare for an expedition either to North Italy or to the Balearic Isles. Peterborough himself had formed plans which, if more ingeniously adapted for distracting the attention of the enemy, must equally have diminished the resources for attacking the main body. The instructions he brought from England in 1705 contemplated an attempt upon Cadiz to follow that upon Barcelona, and he now proposed to proceed with that article in the programme. In a letter of June 20th to Stanhope he suggested a descent by sea upon Cadiz with six thousand men: "Perhaps it were no paradox to say Cales taken were better for England, and the war of Spain not wholly ended, than even the King at Madrid." He was well disposed also towards the ministerial scheme of an Italian expedition, which he, in conformity with Godolphin's own views, had long cherished. He reminded Stanhope on June 30th how much it would add to the romance of their undertaking if within the year he could settle in a manner the crown of Spain and save Italy. Obviously by him for some time, as longer by Charles and Lichtenstein, Godolphin and Marlborough, the magnitude of the peril with which the cause of the Allies was confronted was underrated, though not after the early part of July. Till then he was as mistaken as the rest in imagining that the best devised and executed policy could have set the Spanish crown suddenly and solidly on the head of Charles. But at least the measures he had proposed alone offered a prospect of eventual

success. From the instant of their repudiation the course was continually downwards.

Tidings suddenly reached Valencia of a rising of the population of New Castile against the Portuguese and Galway. Then at last Peterborough determined to march to their help. A council of war, to which he summoned both Valencian dignitaries and his own officers on July 26th, supported his resolution, and further expressed an opinion that, even at this late hour, the King should be advised to return from Aragon and accept Peterborough's escort to Madrid from Valencia. The troops were about to start when the royal orders arrived for the expedition to foreign parts. In the circumstances they would not have hindered the march, but a despatch of a very different character followed close on their heels. The Austrian Court too had heard the news from Castile. Charles, who on July 24th had quitted Saragossa, prayed Peterborough to hurry forward with every available man. He interpreted this as a direction to bring to the King's assistance any troops which could travel fast. Taking four hundred dragoons he came up with him near Pastrana on August 4th, and two days later escorted him to the camp of the Allies at Guadalajara.

He found them discontented and disheartened. Their numbers are variously estimated at fifteen to eighteen thousand. The King and Peterborough added little to the numerical strength, bringing with them, according to Galway, only two regiments of Spanish dragoons and part of Pierce's dragoon regiment. Galway alleged that Peterborough had left behind in different places two entire dragoon regiments, with the rest of Pierce's, and

thirteen battalions of English infantry. On the opposite side the Duke of Berwick commanded an army swollen to a total of twenty-five thousand men. Las Torres had brought his fifteen hundred men in June from the frontiers of Valencia, and the King's delay, of which Galway and Peterborough equally complained though they accounted for it dissimilarly, had permitted Berwick's junction on July 28th with these troops and with a French force under Légal from Navarre. The citizens of the principal towns befriended him. Spaniards did not love Philip's Frenchmen, but they abhorred, especially in Castile, the domination of the troops of their Portuguese cousins and neighbours. Bands of armed peasants plundered adherents of King Charles, and slaughtered stragglers; worst of all, the councils of Charles were agitated by internal jealousies. Four officers now in the camp at Guadalajara could each show a title of his own to command in chief, and all were more or less mutually jealous and contemptuous. As Stanhope gloomily wrote to the Secretary of State a few months later, so at present, it was clear that the army would do no great matters while it had so many generals so little disposed to agree. The aged Marquis das Minas, the Portuguese general, had been allowed to appear to command the united British and Portuguese army in deference to Portuguese pride. Galway, whom the King of Portugal had created Governor of the Army, had precedence in military experience, and the terms of his British commission were wide enough to comprise a campaign anywhere in Spain. On Field-Marshal Noyelles, besides his Dutch commission, Charles had conferred the command of his Spanish troops. Peterborough held the

Queen's commission as commander-in-chief by land and sea of the independent Catalonia expedition; a distinct Spanish commission also had been granted to him by Charles after the capture of Barcelona. Galway, crippled with wounds, desired to be recalled, and was ready to waive any rights he possessed. Upon Peterborough's arrival he paid him a visit, and in his own words "offered him the command of the English, and to receive his orders till I should have the Queen's leave to go home." He added in his defence before the House of Lords: "But because the Marquis das Minas would not do so too my Lord Peterborough chose not to stay with the army." Peterborough's account differed in some particulars; he intimated that he should have been satisfied with equality. By a letter of August 8th he suggested that das Minas should lead the troops on the Portuguese establishment, and Noyelles the Dutchmen, while the Spaniards, and the British troops belonging to the Catalonia expedition, should be under him. The King would be general-in-chief. That arrangement, which, it must be admitted, is open to the gravest objections, was carried into effect after he left by das Minas, Galway, and Noyelles. For his own part he was, he asseverated, willing to serve as a simple volunteer. His real anxiety, he professed, was that the Allies, under whatever commander or commanders, should adopt a definite policy for the campaign, and wait upon the enemy without hazarding a set battle in the open field.

When he understood that neither the post of commander-in-chief nor any independent command was available for him in Castile, and that his colleagues were not favourable to his views of strategy, he decided to

withdraw. He had for some time past been of opinion there were "generals enough, and that he might well be spared to return to his cabin." Lord Stanhope supposes he signified his intention in the confident belief that he would not be allowed to accomplish it; he must in any case have been much disappointed at the eagerness with which his departure was sanctioned. It produced a general sense of relief. He had raised up enemies on all sides by his dogmatism, the refusal of his confidence, and the fluency of his biting pen and tongue. King Charles seldom won affection. Galway, who was not hypercritical, said of him, with Marlborough's approval, that nobody who did his duty could please him. It was not to be expected that Peterborough would catch his fancy, while for the English general he was an example of ingratitude, villainies, and foolish ill-breeding. The correspondence between Peterborough and Stanhope reveals an intensity of anger against him which the former was certain not to labour to hide. Charles of Austria was to him at the best but a convenient instrument of British policy, and less convenient, probably, than the Duke of Savoy might have been. Too evidently he felt no personal loyalty for him. He undervalued his bravery and sense of duty, and had no indulgence for his pride and prejudices. Charles's minister at the Court of St. James, the Count of Gallas, was instructed to offer a solemn remonstrance on one occasion; on another, Mr. Walpole, Stanhope's secretary, presented to Queen Anne a vigorous letter of complaint against him from the King. The latter grievance was of old standing, of earlier origin even than the French siege of Barcelona, where we have seen how Methuen speaks of the ill-will he had excited.

But if Charles was outraged by Peterborough's criticisms, to the ministers of Charles, against whom they had always been poured out in a torrent, he was sure to be still more odious. He perceived that Lichtenstein, Uhlfeldt, and the rest were stolid, dogged, and extortionate. So they were, and Godolphin thought the same of them; but Peterborough took positive pleasure in publishing his thoughts abroad. When men in authority were disagreeable persons, ill-bred, selfish, arrogant, stupid, he said out loud that they were so. Others, who only thought it, grudged him the pleasure of his candour. He was an indefatigable correspondent, and his very frank letters to friends at home were too sparkling to be kept for private consumption. Thus, Walsh wrote to Pope in September, 1706, that Lord Wharton had been showing him a letter from a certain great general in Spain. Walsh's account of it, half jesting and half serious, was that he would have that general recalled, as it was impossible a man with so much wit could be fit to command an army or do any other business. Peterborough never dissembled that he found nothing to admire in Galway's strategy, that he regarded his delay in the occupation of Madrid as a proof of incapacity. Notoriously he despised das Minas. Even the intimacy with Stanhope no longer was what it once had been; as Methuen predicted a short time before, Stanhope was becoming uneasy under the impossible task of steering between his friend and the Court so as not to disoblige both.

The antipathy he had aroused among his fellow-workers in Spain marred his usefulness. It would not necessarily have been fatal to his position if he had retained the

confidence of his own Government; its loss rendered him impossible. The English ministers were equally tired of his invectives against the Austrians and of theirs against him. Marlborough, who virtually was minister of war as well as commander-in-chief, wrote to Godolphin on June 13th of the plan for an expedition from Spain to raise the siege of Turin, in a tone implying a full understanding of the strained relations between him and them. "The Duke of Savoy has desired that Lord Peterborough may go with the succours. The King of Spain, I suppose, will not be sorry to part with him, as his lordship will be naturally willing enough to go, if he does not suspect that it will make the King of Spain easy." Godolphin, it has been supposed, continued to be dissatisfied with Peterborough's postponement of the Savoy expedition to the invasion of Catalonia. He was the angrier at the trouble caused by the strifes with Charles and Charles's Germans that Peterborough had weakly thrown aside his policy in deference to the wishes of these, on his own showing, despicable persons. At any rate by July his as well as Marlborough's impatience of the petulance on both sides was become explosive. He wrote on July 18th: "A letter from my Lord Peterborough of a very old date from Barcelona is full of extraordinary flights and artificial turns. But one may see by it that there is room for anything that has been thought or said of his conduct there; and at the same time, by that and other letters of more credit, nothing ever was so weak, so shameful, and so unaccountable in every point as the conduct of the Prince de Lichtenstein and the rest of the King of Spain's German followers." Marlborough answered from Helchin on August 16th in

language which, like Godolphin's, condemned the Austrian councillors as well, but indicated extreme dissatisfaction with Peterborough. "I agree with you that the Germans that are with King Charles are good for nothing; but I believe the anger and aversion he has for Lord Peterborough is the greatest cause for taking the resolution of going to Saragossa, which I am afraid will prove fatal; for Mr. Crowe tells me he once said to him that he would not accept of health from Lord Peterborough. I suppose this expression is better in Spanish than in English"—meaning thereby that an Englishman would have borrowed a more positive phrase from the Athanasian creed. It has been plausibly surmised that Richards, whose diary shows that he was become estranged from Peterborough, was the agent in turning Marlborough and Godolphin against him. He quitted Spain on July 13th, and on his way visited Marlborough at Helchin. Towards the end of August he was in England, and had interviews with Godolphin. It may easily be believed that he fomented the prejudices of both, but the dates of their correspondence prove how firmly rooted already was the sentiment. Both had for months past been of the opinion expressed by Godolphin on August 24th: "Lord Peterborough is both useless and grievous there, and is preparing to be as troublesome here whenever he is called home." The next month Marlborough, in the frankness of his correspondence with his duchess, ejaculates: "Lord Peterborough should not be consulted. I do not think much ceremony ought to be used in removing him from a place where he has hazarded the loss of the whole country."

Yet almost simultaneously the Queen, acting, it may

be presumed, at the instance of her minister, had publicly commended Peterborough. Lord Barrymore had accused Peterborough to her of having ruined his foot regiment by taking away its best officers for his new cavalry. She replied that she had every reason to believe everything Lord Peterborough did was well done, and she would change nothing. Marlborough himself had in June been warmly complimenting Peterborough, and with apparent sincerity. For a long time his relations and those of his wife with Peterborough and his wife had been demonstratively friendly. Luttrell notes that on December 20th, 1706, the countess "treated the Duke of Marlborough and several general officers." She frequently asked, and he commonly was ready to grant, favours in the way of military patronage, and Peterborough's letters to the duchess continued to breathe entire faith in her goodwill. He sent her an enthusiastic message in June upon the tidings of the battle of Ramillies, "which has cleared our way to Madrid," and she reciprocated his panegyric upon the duke's victories by "owning the successes in Spain to be the occasion of my lord duke's good fortune." Playfully he put in a plea for the gardener's place at Blenheim, if he should have the luck to return to England. He dilated to her on his troubles from German folly, and from the everlasting struggle of the King's ministers against the interest of their master. The tone of her replies was constantly sympathetic; and meanwhile she and all his admiring colleagues were plotting hard to ruin him without risk to themselves.

A council of ministers and generals met in the camp on August 9th, and unanimously approved Peterborough's

withdrawal from Spain for a season. The motives publicly assigned were the conveyance of aid to the Duke of Savoy and an attack in the course of his return upon Minorca. His instructions from England seemed to justify a visit to Italy for the former purpose; the latter enterprise he had been requested to undertake by the King before he left Valencia. But an additional, and in the King's judgment a more urgent object for his journey was recommended less ostentatiously. Charles hoped that he might be able to raise a loan of £100,000 at Genoa on the credit of the royal domains in Spain, backed by das Minas as representing Portugal and by the presumed authorisation of the English Treasury. The Austro-Spanish Court was constantly embarrassed for money, and the financial relations between it and Peterborough throughout were exceedingly complicated. Queen Anne's Government, with the main financial responsibility upon it of a great war raging at once in the Low Countries, Spain, and Italy, could not satisfy the manifold calls upon its funds. Marlborough, being dictator at Whitehall, insisted upon being served first; Spain received only driblets, and of them the army of Portugal and Castile doubtless absorbed most. Such part as reached the eastern provinces seems to have usually come to Peterborough, who looked upon it as primarily intended for the subsistence of his Englishmen. He resented, as he told Godolphin, the expectation of the Court that the British Treasury was to fortify and provision every place, and even to buy the King's meat and clothes. He insisted that it was matter of charity, not of obligation, for him to keep the King of Spain's Germans and Spaniards from starving,

as he assured Stanhope at the same time they must, if he should not find ways to support them at the hazard of his own fortune. When money reached him, from whatever source, he treated it as at his discretionary disposal, and to the indignation of Charles and his Court would not recognise their independent right to a share. He kept no accurate accounts, for which he afterwards suffered. Private funds belonging to himself he declared he spent to enable the troops to march, and wrote to Stanhope that he had laid out £10,000 of his own money since he came to Valencia. Anything he forwarded to the Court he had a habit of regarding as a gift whatever its original source. In his letter of July 10th to Charles he said: "I see how much your Majesty is in want of money. I have some little come from England, and will send it immediately to Saragossa." He had referred to this remittance, five thousand pistoles, in a letter to Stanhope as "a good sum of my own, of which the King and his troops shall have every farthing, that I may see if anything can touch a German heart." Whether the money on this occasion were his own or a subsidy from the Treasury can scarcely be ascertained from the language he uses; in either case he would have considered his bestowal of it upon the King as an act of personal bounty. There may be ground for a charge that he grudged the diversion to objects outside his immediate command of the meagre resources supplied to him from home. The accusations, however, brought against him in England that he intercepted for illegitimate purposes £103,000 which had been sent for the payment of the troops, and at Barcelona by Methuen, who judged him suspiciously, that he pretended a want

of money, parted with little, and wrote continually for more, while he was "known to have a great deal," rest on no adequate foundation. Now at any rate he was ready to play the part of a financial Providence on behalf of the Austrians.

He left Guadalajara the day after the council with an escort of eighty Royal Dragoons. When he reached Huete he heard of a calamity which had befallen him the day before at that place. He had not known how brief would be his stay in New Castile, and his baggage, with a supply of provisions, was following him from Valencia, a train of sixteen wagons and forty-two mules guarded by forty horse, a hundred and fifty foot, and two guns. A colonel of Philip's, pretending to be on Charles's side, took the troop unawares, and captured property of Peterborough's worth eight to ten thousand pistoles, or £6000 as he reckoned it to Stanhope. His remaining wardrobe consisted of one suit of clothes and six shirts, but his chief regret was for his barbs and his cheese. Galway and Stanhope shared his misfortune, for eight of the wagons contained eatables and drink for them, which "good management" had lost. In a panic the citizens of Huete offered him compensation. After his magnificent fashion he accepted it in the form of enough corn for the army for six weeks, which he made them forward to the camp of the Allies. On his journey he met as usual with adventures. The legends of them, embodied and embellished in, not invented for, Carleton's Memoirs, anybody is free to believe or disbelieve at pleasure. A lady lodging for the sake of safety in a convent at Huete, was enamoured of his fame and let him know she wished to

LIMEHOUSE PUBLIC LIBRARY 125

see him. As the abbess interposed difficulties he had to threaten an expropriation of the nunnery as the site of a fort, which Carleton says he was directed to build or plan, and only the united prayers of the Superior and her fair pensioner could move him from his purpose. The road from Valencia was no longer safe. A party of convalescent English soldiers had, on the morning of Peterborough's arrival, been murdered by the Campilio villagers, and in the church clothes were recognised which had belonged to the victims. On the evidence he hanged the sacristan to his own knocker, and then galloped to a hole on the hillside down which he heard the bodies had been flung, in time to rescue one wounded soldier who had clung to the side of the rock. On his arrival two days after at Valencia he rejoiced to find all his documents, which had been captured with his baggage. He had been soliciting Stanhope's diplomatic intervention for the recovery of Lieutenant Ronan, his aide-de-camp, and his papers from the Duke of Berwick, which could, he said, be of no further use to the Duke when read. But Berwick chivalrously returned them unopened. They were hereafter to prove very useful. He received also despatches from home, couched in a very different tone from Godolphin's and Marlborough's private correspondence. In excellent spirits he wrote to Stanhope: "As to my own affairs, they cannot be in better circumstances. The city made a public compliment on my behalf, in conjunction with my Lord Marlborough; and my Lord Godolphin sends me word that my commission for Vice-Admiral of England is passed, but they do not send it me for fear of tempting me from the land service, where, he is

pleased to say, they think me so necessary. I had been undone if we had more success and my Lord Marlborough less." His Valencians too continued to applaud and love him, though in disgrace with the King. So popular was he that, at his personal request, assisted by a salve of fresh dowers which he generously bestowed on the convent, the ecclesiastical authorities condoned the temporary elopement of two nuns with a couple of his officers. The erring vestals were excused the normal starvation to death inside a stone wall, while the seducers had already secured their own safety by flight.

His stay at Valencia was broken by an excursion to Alicante towards the end of August. In July he had sent Gorges against it with thirteen hundred foot and two hundred horse, while Leake was to support the attack from the sea. By August 8th the town was in the hands of the Allies. The sailors having already entered, the citizens are alleged to have opened the gates to Gorges that he might protect them from maltreatment. He was accused of having inveigled them into depositing in the great church their most precious goods, which he then sold by auction for the benefit of his troops. Peterborough arrived on the scene a little later, while the governor Mahoni was still being besieged in the castle, and on hearing the townsmen's complaint indignantly denounced the treachery of which they had been victims. He had brought a similar indictment, in a letter of July 20th to Stanhope, against the admirals of having plundered Cartagena "that admitted them with all imaginable civility and gallantry," a proceeding, he affirmed, as new as scandalous. On September 8th Mahoni capitulated, more fortunate

than subsequently was Richards the diarist, who was blown up in the citadel when governor, but before the surrender of the citadel Peterborough was gone from Spain. He had been preparing for an expedition against the Balearic Isles when orders came for the departure of a large squadron to the West Indies, and the remainder of the fleet he thought inadequate for the attempt. In vain he endeavoured to persuade the admirals to pay no heed to the instructions; in vain he sent a ship home with the utmost and most pressing arguments for stopping the West India squadron. The ministers were obdurate, and so were the officers, though they all allowed "the orders were improper, and might prove fatal in our present circumstances." They had not, and are not to be censured for not having, either the will or the courage to disobey them. He told Stanhope that the admirals were jealous of him and of his commission to command them; and a letter from him on August 25th, praying Leake not to resign though he had been appointed to the joint command of the fleet, points to the same conclusion. He and his colleagues were at cross purposes to such an extent that undertakings which seemed to, or were made for, him impracticable with the available resources became practicable when he was removed. Thus, on September 13th Leake despatched the squadron of nine ships to the West Indies which had occasioned Peterborough's refusal to conduct the Balearic expedition. The same day he sailed for Iviza, which tendered its submission, and a popular rising forced the governor of Majorca to capitulate at Palma on September 28th. Leake had thus the glory of a conquest which, but for defects of temper, Peterborough might

as happily have accomplished. His admirers have reasonable ground for their allegations that Leake showed throughout the naval campaign of 1706 either indecision, incapacity, or sulkiness: they can contend that by his tardiness he nearly risked the loss of Barcelona; but Peterborough by other errors surrendered opportunities he ought to have seized, and allowed spiteful statesmen to represent Leake as the true hero of the war in eastern Spain.

The Balearic Isles being cut out of the programme, Peterborough reverted to the original arrangement which directed his steps first to North Italy; but it was necessary to provide for the welfare of Valencia and of the force he had consolidated for its defence. For this purpose he convoked a council of his fourteen senior officers at Alicante on September 6th. Galway and Charles, grievously pressed by Berwick, would have liked to denude Alicante of its garrison of nine hundred men. From England, as well as by the King's advisers, it had been suggested that the army of Valencia might supply aid also for the Duke of Savoy. The council, under Peterborough's guidance, resolved that, for the sake both of the safety of the whole coast from Alicante to Tortosa, and of the communications between the army in Castile and the sea, the military strength of Valencia must be in no way weakened. Further, the council added its approval of the general's temporary absence in Italy, hoping, like the council at Guadalajara, that he would bring back some money for the replenishment of its military chest. The troops in Valencia had received no pay for months, and in their destitution they could not be restrained from

plundering the peasantry, to the odium of the Austrian cause.

Thus fortified with official consents, and having secured the interests immediately in his charge, he was able, as it seemed, with a good conscience to take a short holiday. His restless nature, which was capable of fits of vehement labour, demanded intervals of idleness. He knew and asserted that in Spain he was for the present superfluous. He cannot but have suspected that he was absolutely detrimental. He might well believe that his merits would become more visible at a distance. He was sick of a country where the only tolerable thing, he wrote to the Duchess of Marlborough from on board the "Resolution" on September 4th, was her sex; and perhaps he may have been a little sick of that also. He had, moreover, much to discuss with the Duke of Savoy. One notable project he had conceived or reconstructed for a combined invasion of France from Spain and from Piedmont, with the assistance of a covering British fleet. The authorship of the idea, which Godolphin approved, has been disputed. Peterborough assumed it, though touches, he admitted, were subsequently added by the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene. Galway in the House of Lords, in 1711, ascribed to Marlborough and the Duke of Savoy's ministers, the Count of Briançon and Count Maffey, a similar plan for an attack upon Toulon by troops from Savoy and a fleet from England. Marlborough on the same occasion appeared to claim the merit of the scheme. He described it as one of the most effectual means to finish the war, though he denied that the Duke of Savoy had authorised or desired Peterborough to arrange for the disabling of the army

in Spain for active operations there by the detachment of five thousand men on the side of Roussillon. Whatever the exact source or final shape of the project, which Alexander Cunningham, the historian and diplomatist, says he himself heard Sir Isaac Newton discuss and recommend so early as in 1705, Peterborough identified himself with it generally. Now and the next year he went to Italy with the intent to organise its execution.

He sailed in the "Resolution." It was the flagship of his second son Henry, now about twenty-five, a gallant sailor, and silent member for Malmesbury, who was acting commodore of a squadron of frigates. In conformity with the decision of the council of war he took no troops from Valencia. Reports, which, it appeared, were premature, of a signal victory of the Duke of Savoy in a sally from Turin, had saved him the trouble of trying to collect them from Catalonia or elsewhere. The same story had reached England from Alicante, and added to the perplexity among the Queen's ministers as to the true motive of Peterborough's journey. Godolphin wrote to Marlborough that the victory had left nothing apparently for Peterborough to do, unless to enlist a few German troopers. He must have gone, therefore, for some deeper purpose. Godolphin said he had instructed the British Resident at Turin to ascertain the subject of the Earl's conferences with the Duke. A voyage of seven days brought him to Genoa. There he learnt that the rumours had been corroborated by events. The French had been obliged to raise the siege of Turin, and the Piedmontese were in a mood for striking a return blow. Though destitute of any credentials for the purpose, with his habitual and

splendid audacity he consulted with the Duke at Turin, and with Prince Eugene at Pavia, on the grand joint expedition against Toulon. So excellent a judge as the Prince was struck by his military sagacity. He borrowed the £100,000 at Genoa, obtaining the accommodation for £1000 above the current rate of exchange. To effect the loan, again without leave, he engaged the credit of the British Treasury as well as that of Charles, the Portuguese Government, and his own. In 1711 he complained to the House of Lords that he had been held personally liable. The British Government protested the bills drawn by him in favour of a merchant who had £1400 of his, and the merchant, he asserted, had insisted upon a right to detain the money. For the moment he was disturbed by no fears on that account. He had done the work for which he came, and he intermingled with his labours a fair measure of enjoyment. After a sojourn made up, he boasted to Stanhope, of happy days, he determined to return to Spain. He was back with the money and his Toulon scheme on December 27th at Barcelona. If St. Simon were well informed, as probably he was not, he brought besides the Genoese loan a hundred and fifty thousand pistoles, part of the contributions extorted by Eugene from the Milanese.

From Barcelona he made his way to Valencia by January 10th, 1707. Being incommoded in his foot he was obliged, he said, and doubtless was freely quoted as having said it, to travel the pace of a Spaniard, of one, he explained, that was not going to rob nor was flying from an enemy. While he was in Italy he had heard of a series of casualties which had brought the Court and

army from Castile. The Allies in three divisions, independently led by das Minas, Galway, and Noyelles, had moved from Guadalajara on August 11th, the day after Peterborough left them, to Chinchon. In that position, which was more directly on the route to Valencia, they lingered till September. Finding themselves far outnumbered by Berwick, who had twenty-six thousand men, on the 9th of that month they began their retreat towards the sea, and followed closely by the French marshal reached the province of Valencia on the 28th. Their total by that time was twelve thousand. Stanhope wrote to Peterborough on October 12th that things were going "from bad to worse," and a few days later Noyelles followed in the same strain, lamenting the want of "good conduct." Nothing remained to the Allies in Castile but Cuenca and Requena, and they were shortly captured. Murcia was recovered by Berwick, who compelled Cartagena to capitulate. Peterborough, then on his way to the King, satirically expressed his surprise that things had not progressed "de mieux en mieux," when so disagreeable and useless a person as he was out of the way.

He found himself as welcome as we may be certain he considered he deserved to be. Noyelles, Zinzerling, Stanhope, and the King had, as appears from his statements, written to hasten his return. During his absence they had all discovered they were as unpleasant company for each other as he had been for them. Galway, in addition to his weariness and wounds, had been vexed by the superior influence of Noyelles with the King. He was more anxious than ever to be relieved, and he regarded Peterborough as his destined successor. Stanhope wrote on October 24th to Godolphin that Galway had

been fully resolved to resign in favour of Peterborough when Peterborough should have come back from Italy. Godolphin in November repeated to Marlborough with much expressed amazement the intelligence that Galway had recommended him as "the properest person to succeed him in the care of the whole." Though Queen Anne's ministers, as was to be anticipated, did not accept the suggestion, he continued to exert much weight in Charles's councils of war. At two in particular, held on January 15th and February 4th, 1707, he took a part which subsequent events rendered historical. Already, if his memory is to be trusted against Galway's forgetfulness of the request seven years afterwards, he had urged Galway to send five thousand men into Catalonia. They were to make a diversion thence on the Roussillon frontier, in concert with the Duke of Savoy's contemplated attack on Toulon. Now, in the council of January 15th, he explained in a written speech the policy of which that formed part. His view was that the war should be offensive on the side of Italy. In Spain defensive operations alone were, he argued, advisable. Aragon, as it had proved, could defend itself. Valencia and Catalonia were safe, so long as the allied army was kept within their borders, and while a British fleet was at hand to guard the coast and convey supplies. A march to Madrid promised little advantage and threatened terrible dangers. Means of subsistence in Castile were scanty. The enemy, with his clear superiority in cavalry, would continually harass the Allies if they took the direct Valencia route. By way of Murcia they would have to cross the Tagus without pontoons and surmount its cliffs. They might be forced

to fight on the plain of Aranjuez, where Berwick's horsemen would beat upon them with a shock against which their feeble artillery train was incapable of protecting them. The possession of Madrid without a victory was, as had been found the year before, of small benefit. A defeat would lose them Catalonia, which the French in Roussillon were preparing to invade vigorously. Later on, and after reflection, he sketched an alternative programme to suit statesmanship determined at all events upon a forward movement. He explained it in a letter of April 21st, written from Turin, four days before the battle of Almanza, to his trusted friend d'Assumar, the Portuguese minister with King Charles. His plan, he said, was to defend the entrance into Valencia with two thousand horse and eight thousand foot. With eleven thousand foot and five thousand horse he would have reached the head of the Tagus by a stolen march. It might with alertness have been possible to put the Tagus between the Allies and the enemy, and so have hindered the junction of the reinforcements on their way from France. The result would have been to cut off Madrid from relief, and Philip must have fled a second time to Burgos. But in this letter of April, as in the winter, he showed himself wholly convinced of the madness of staking the crown of Spain upon the chance of a gain so ambiguous as the possession of Madrid, and upon the contingency of victory in an unequal battle.

He argued to no purpose, though for reasons of their own Charles, Noyelles, and Lichtenstein were against a second invasion of Castile. In March the King with his Court and Noyelles went to Barcelona. Galway's and

Stanhope's partisans declared that Charles broke up the army to its permanent injury by taking five thousand troops with him. Peterborough said he withdrew no more than about two hundred miserable Spanish dragoons. In any case Stanhope, who diplomatically represented the British Government, and Galway, acting on instructions from home, were resolute to attempt Madrid once more, whether with or without the King. Peterborough's own account hereafter was that the judgment of the King, of his generals, of his ministers, and of himself, with which the Duke of Savoy's and Prince Eugene's advice to Charles agreed, was overruled at the councils of war by one man. That was "the Queen's minister, who gave her positive orders to march to Madrid, and not divide the forces." Stanhope's letter of January 15th to Hedges, written after the conference, is to the same general effect. He excused himself for having protested in her Majesty's name against a defensive war "in presence of my Lord Peterborough, who has characters from her Majesty so much superior to mine, and from whom it was my fortune to differ in opinion on this occasion." He appended a significant intimation of a doubt whether Peterborough's policy might not after all be right. He was not certain but that some infantry might not advantageously be spared from the allied army if the Duke of Savoy and the Emperor were really meaning to make an expedition by land against Toulon, and if the British fleet were instructed to assist. Such a detachment of force from the main body for the support of Peterborough's offensive Italian strategy must, in the attenuated state of Galway's army, have implied the continuance of the defensive tactics in Valencia for which

he pleaded. Public opinion in England was, however, impatient at the postponement of any decisive return for the expenditure in Spain. Marlborough is supposed to have approved, if he did not dictate, a plan of campaign which would have been admirable if he, and not Galway, could have been employed to carry it out. The result was the advance of Galway into Murcia on April 10th, and the bloody defeat on April 25th at Almanza. Peterborough's gloomiest auguries turned out true, and the wisdom of his counsels fully justified. His bitter comment on the catastrophe was aimed first at his former friend Stanhope. Writing on July 22nd to Marlborough, whom he did not or affected not to suspect of having had any part in recommending the policy, he exclaims: "Mr. Stanhope's politics have proved very fatal, having produced our misfortunes and prevented the greatest successes."

Peterborough's disputes with Charles and his German councillors originally impelled his own Government to remove him. Their recent favour for him had the same effect. Freind quotes a saying of his which may readily be credited, that he never met with the least difficulty from the King when he himself was present with his Majesty. Misunderstandings abounded when they were apart. His personal influence could at Valencia be exercised directly, and was for the time predominant. The impression was so far lasting as to relieve the London rumour in the course of the spring that the King had appointed him general of all his forces in Catalonia and Valencia from the air of mere paradox it wears to those who recollect only the ebullitions of royal anger against him. But Godolphin and Marl-

borough were not to be conciliated by a restoration of amiability which proceeded from Peterborough's advocacy of views as vexatious to the Queen's ministers as they were pleasing to the Austrian Court. His attitude at the councils of January and February was distasteful both to Marlborough and to Godolphin. For Godolphin the last straw would be the presentation at Whitehall of the Genoa bills for £100,000. It may have been hoped, perhaps, that he would tire of his equivocal position and deprive himself by a voluntary resignation of the vantage-ground of the grievance of an abrupt recall. As he stayed on, he received on February 22nd a despatch discharging him from his official duties as Admiral, General, and High Commissioner with the King. Simultaneously arrived another announcing the appointment of Galway as Commander-in-Chief of all the British forces in Spain. Peterborough would not take the broadest hints. He kept his place at the King's Court, and his authority with the Valencian population, until a missive came from England on March 14th formally summoning him home.

CHAPTER VIII

WAS HE AN IMPOSTOR?

In the narrative here given of the campaigns of Catalonia and Valencia, Peterborough, as in other biographies of him, occupies the foreground. His heroic figure, in the character now of Achilles, now of Ulysses, now of Alcibiades, overshadows all besides. Whenever he appears everybody else is obscured. He holds aloof or is disregarded, and there is universal failure. He intervenes, and all is prosperity. The name of Galway shrinks, writes Lord Stanhope, into utter insignificance when compared with his. In Lord Stanhope's eyes he had a talent for partisan warfare which has very seldom been equalled, and hardly ever exceeded. Lord Stanhope accounts him courageous to the verge of rashness, generous to the verge of profusion, and endowed with extraordinary military genius and as surprising disinterestedness. He is, in the judgment of Scott, one of the most heroic characters, according to ancient ideas of heroism, which occur in English history. He knows the exact moment to strike, and the season for quiescence. He is superhumanly prompt in action. Never was there courage so reckless, or such abounding energy. He is ubiquitous, riding round the walls of a beleaguered city

with a single aide-de-camp, rowing over midnight seas to grasp the command of a loitering fleet and wake up lethargic admirals. He is as sagacious in counsel, especially when closeted with himself, as in the field. If he have a defect it is that he is only too crafty and far-seeing, a Machiavel spoilt by a Cassandra. Had he not been thwarted he might, he almost must have changed the course of European history. When the danger or inconvenience to the balance of power from an amalgamation of the vast Spanish and Austrian dominions is considered, some consolation is found for the vexatious phenomenon that this meteoric genius had its beams intercepted and finally extinguished by a combination of jealous rivalry, dull wits, sluggish tempers, and selfish rapacity.

That is the glowing, rapturous picture to which English imaginations, and even English historical students, have been accustomed for more than a century and a half. But there is another view of the scenes of the War of the Succession in which he no longer shines forth as the foremost champion. It was a view not unknown to politicians in the reign of Queen Anne. Since that time it had remained practically in abeyance until in 1888 Colonel Arthur Parnell embodied it, with much force and learning, in his *History of the War of the Succession.* Colonel Parnell puts different personages in Peterborough's triumphant place, and either defaces or obliterates him. His supplanter in the first place is Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt. Prince George had fought bravely under William the Third in Ireland. Having subsequently turned Catholic in order to serve the Emperor, he was disqualified for direct military

employment in the English army, but was the better qualified on the Continent. His connection, Charles the Second of Spain, appointed him Viceroy of Catalonia. When the War of the Succession commenced he returned to the Peninsula with a high commission from the Austrian Pretender, Charles the Third. To him the capture and preservation of Gibraltar are in a great measure due. There he was stationed as Charles's representative when the English expedition arrived at Lisbon on June 20th. In the account which sets him in the front rank we find that nothing but his disqualification as a Catholic for an English commission hindered his direct appointment to the command of the expedition. As he must not appear, an English general had to be selected to act under his guidance. Peterborough was chosen as a figure-head. On the arrival of the fleet at Lisbon the Prince hastened from Gibraltar. At the council of war it was on his motion that it was formally resolved to attack Barcelona. To Gibraltar he returned forthwith to prepare its seasoned troops for joining in the undertaking. The direction of the expedition, we are told, was assumed by him when the fleet sailed from Gibraltar. At the news of his arrival on the coast of Valencia the population flocked to the shore to welcome him. When Denia declared for Charles, the Prince arranged for its occupation and selected Major-General Basset y Ramos as commandant. Preceding the fleet he called out the Miquelets. It was he whom the Catalans were eager to greet and honour. When the volunteer peasants were assembled he decided their duties, assigning to them the investment of the city. When the English generals at councils of war resisted

the plan of a siege the Prince led the party which supported it.

With dogged perseverance, and in the teeth of the constant opposition of fools and knaves, as he called his English adversaries, he had to try to force the Allies to attempt the work for which they came. Their army consisted of six thousand six hundred British soldiers, two thousand five hundred Dutch, five hundred and seventy Catalans, three thousand Miquelets, and a swarm of enthusiastic countrymen. It was supported by a fleet of sixty-six sail of the line carrying twenty-four thousand seamen and three thousand five hundred guns. The garrison to which it was opposed had no more than three thousand two hundred foot and eight hundred horse, many of them disaffected. The fortress was defended chiefly by a wall exposed to artillery fire at all ranges, with small towers, a few bastions, a ditch, and a low glacis. Failing in persuading the English generals to cannonade the town, though siege works, if not very effectual, were begun, the Prince contracted his ambition. With him, and him solely, it seems, originated the idea of the assault on Montjuich. The fort, we are informed, was small in itself and weak. It was held by no more than two hundred soldiers, and was indifferently strengthened by an unfinished line of bastioned advanced works. It nowise constituted a citadel for Barcelona, and its capture was by no means essential to the capture of the town. But he hoped that success against it might encourage the Englishmen to fly at higher game. He made an offer, which was accepted, to conduct the assault in person. He looked after the necessary preparations, and himself selected the officers.

When the assault was delivered he was in command of the stormers, and gave them their orders. He perceived the importance of the occupation of the post of San Bertran, half way on the steep hill-road between the city and Montjuich. While he was leading in that enterprise he met his death. His fall caused such terror among the troops that it nearly produced the collapse of the whole undertaking. Virtually it sealed the doom of the throne of Carlos Tercero. The void in the conduct of the expedition made by Prince George's death is represented as having been partially filled by a group of successors. At Barcelona we are shown Richards bombarding Montjuich, Southwell advancing sword in hand to the breach, Shovel directing naval attacks upon the city, Petit raising batteries, prominent Catalans marshalling the Miquelets, and Lichtenstein acting in Prince George's place as the King's minister of war. When Governor Velasco was dismayed at the temper of the citizens, Charles, whose protection was invoked, and Stanhope with his singular tact in appeasing Spanish tumults and his knowledge of the language, are seen alone on the stage. As managers of the submission of the countries of Catalonia and Valencia to the Austrian sovereign, various men stand forth who have appeared to Peterborough's biographers mere subordinates or mischief-makers. The Count of Cifuentes with two thousand four hundred Miquelets seized Lerida and all the other strongholds towards the Catalan frontier of Aragon. In the south Joseph Nebot, another bold partisan, subdued Tortosa on the Ebro, and, with the help of Captain Cavendish's frigates, Tarragona. In the north-east Gerona was occupied.

Some thirty or forty other forts were similarly reduced by spontaneous Catalan efforts; and still there is not a word of the British commander-in-chief.

The story of the adhesion of Valencia to King Charles in the new version is marked by the same omission. Basset y Ramos is here the hero. He induced Raphael Nebot, who was blockading him at Denia on behalf of King Philip, to desert to the standard of King Charles. Together they seized several fortified Valencian towns. At last Basset y Ramos with seven hundred men besieged the strong and populous city of Valencia, which the inhabitants surrendered to him. In the tale of the siege of San Mateo the honours are awarded exclusively to Colonel John Jones, the governor. When it is relieved by the Tortosa garrison it is remarked incidentally that the relieving force was accompanied by Peterborough, who happened to join it as it was starting. Praise is given to Basset y Ramos for his conduct of the defence of Valencia against las Torres and los Arcos. The fact of its relief by Peterborough, whose name is coupled with Killigrew's as if they had been joint generals, is noted with no comment, unless that he and his men obtained at Valencia very comfortable quarters. Mahoni's capitulation at Murviedro is stated without particulars. All that marvellous medley of knight-errantry, Quixotism, and gaminerie, known as the war of Valencia, which has fascinated such diverse natures as Swift's, Johnson's, Scott's, Macaulay's, is clean wiped out of existence by the annihilation of its one central figure.

The reader may still have hoped to stumble back on the familiar track as he approaches the defence of Barce-

lona against King Philip and Tessé. He will be disappointed. He is introduced to several remarkable characters. King Charles remained undaunted. His ministers, Lichtenstein the secretary for war and Uhlfeldt the governor, were doing their best. Colonel Petit, their chief engineer, had put the fortifications into an efficient condition. By Lichtenstein's orders Donegal and St. Amant valiantly brought eighteen hundred soldiers in boats from Gerona. The governor of Tortosa sent Hamilton's foot regiment by forced marches on mules, and Wills contributed a dragoon detachment from Lerida. Fifteen hundred Miquelets had volunteered for the walls, and five thousand burghers formed a faithful city guard. Cifuentes from the hills skilfully harassed the powerful French army, and cut its communications with the interior. Donegal fiercely defended Montjuich, which, however, had finally to be abandoned. Prince Henry of Hesse with wonderful adroitness and courage insinuated four hundred Neapolitans into the town by water through the blockading fleet. Uhlfeldt, Peterborough's maligned bugbear, led gallant sorties. Breaches were met by Petit with retrenchments, and mines with countermines. When the siege was raised Cifuentes showed indefatigable activity in pursuing the retreating Frenchmen. Sir John Leake himself, whose dilatoriness has often been criticised, has no fault found with him on that score. On the contrary, he is extolled for having accomplished one of the most important instances on record of the naval relief of a beleaguered fortress. The only man of all officially associated with this series of events never once mentioned for good in the revised account is he to whom it has been the practice to

attribute the entire glory of them. More inglorious still would seem to have been the commander-in-chief's part in the following campaign. In it he is a mere cipher. Of his share as the directing strategist in the creation of a line of communications between Valencia and Castile there is not a word. He sailed on September 15th, and his career in Spain was at an end. His reappearance in Valencia from Italy in January, 1707, is passed over with the remark that he was necessarily superseded by his senior, Galway, in the command of the English troops.

The banishment of that shining personality from scenes in which it has dominated for more than a century and a half is not accomplished by means merely of negatives. So soon as August 5th, in Altea Bay, Peterborough is alleged to have "manifested a repugnance to active operations," because he wished, it is said, to divert the expedition to Italy. The successive councils of war at which his officers protested against a siege were, it is hinted, called by him to justify his dislike for fighting. When he agreed to attack Barcelona before marching to Valencia, he, from "cowardice, disaffection, and jealousy of the Prince," gave his confidant, Richards, orders to amuse the King by a mock show of activity. He violated, it is declared, as "no real soldier, bred in habits of discipline, could," by his project for proceeding to North Italy, the Queen's explicit instructions which commanded him first to attempt Barcelona and then Cadiz. He told a falsehood when he pretended that private letters from ministers, alluding to the difficulties of the Duke of Savoy, amounted to orders to go and aid him. He promised Prince George the fleet's help in the siege, and as joint admiral protested against its grant by Shovel. He affected

loyalty to King Charles, while his private letters to the Duke of Savoy convict him of a perfidious understanding, which in one of them took the open shape of a desire to substitute the Duke for Charles on the Spanish throne. He was regarded in the army and fleet with contempt for his design of deserting the Catalans, and was properly classified by Prince George with "fools or knaves." He consented to the assault on Montjuich, which he disliked, as he disliked fighting of any kind whenever it could be avoided, only because he became sensible of the indignation of the camp, and foresaw it would be reproduced in England. Instead of mourning with sincerity the death of Prince George he wrote to Godolphin on October 23rd, that it was of the greatest importance for the public success, for the people would never submit to German governors. He did not care for the harm he might do to the cause provided he could wreak his spite on anything German. He cherished a grudge against Charlemont for his gallantry at Montjuich, and for that crime shortly afterwards deprived him of his regiment by "a shabby subterfuge." He is represented as defending the province of Valencia ingloriously, and as having loitered in Valencia city from mere love of ease and pleasure. His refusal to comply with King Charles's wish that he should fall upon Tessé's lines at Barcelona in April, 1706, was simply "want of courage," though he shielded it behind the resolutions of a council of war. He did all he could to thwart the prayers of Charles and the doggedly loyal plans of Leake for the relief of the city by the English fleet. He acted a part at once treacherous and cowardly in idling on the coast for a convoy for his fourteen hundred troops, who, if they had been under the orders of gallant

Prince Henry, would long before have cut their own way into Barcelona. Capping incapacity or perfidy with a mean vanity which exposed him to the ridicule of the fleet, he sought to appear as the saviour of the town by hoisting his admiral's flag at the mainmast of Leake's ship. He vaunted the providence and energy by which he pretended he had in his sojourn of two months at Valencia paved a safe and abundantly supplied road to Madrid. It was all make-believe, as he practically had to confess. Instead of striving to compensate for deficiencies, he frittered away the strength of which he really could dispose on worthless enterprises. Urgent requests from Galway for succour he totally neglected. When he marched at last into Castile he brought with him not a tenth of the force he had at his command. He was useless in the camp, and he played the part of a coward in quitting it. "Considering that at the time Berwick was immediately in front of the Allies, this voluntary act of departure was nothing less than desertion from the army in the face of the enemy, the most heinous of all military crimes." Colonel Parnell manifestly would have endorsed and even amplified Peterborough's modest avowal, as recorded by Pope, that "in the presence of a proper danger—nay, of any and every danger—he could be as frightened as another man." His ostensible mission in Italy was the negotiation of a loan. He really skulked off, we are told, to amuse himself and, it is insinuated, to prosecute his intrigue with the Duke of Savoy. So bad had all his conduct been in Spain, which, "fortunately for the Allies," he at last left, that it had greatly disgusted Marlborough and the Queen's ministers, "though they were of his own

political party." It is added that there is little doubt he had embezzled public money. Finally he is dismissed from further military and historical notice as an impostor.

Hard hitting is always attractive, and the framer of this tremendous indictment possesses the art. In days in which all sorts of dubious characters are being rehabilitated, it is natural there should be an occasional experiment at the opposite process. The blackening of Peterborough is a counterpoise to the white-washing of many worse than piebald reputations. But it is possible to be as unjust in dethroning popular idols as in robbing the gibbet. Now, in the first place, it is difficult to see in what capacity Prince George is to snatch from Peterborough the responsibility and honour of conducting the Barcelona campaign. His rank even at King Charles's Court was vague. In no case could it empower him to assume the direction of the army of the Allies. Peterborough was commander-in-chief of the British contingent, which was the backbone of the expedition. He was joint admiral of the fleet. None but he, not even King Charles, was entitled to order the movements of the Queen's troops. Neither the British Ministry, nor Peterborough, nor the officers of the expedition recognised the Prince, except as an experienced local counsellor. It is not shown, though it is asserted, that the Prince ever acted as generalissimo, or that Peterborough did not thus act. Then there is the particular question of the storming of Montjuich. According to Colonel Parnell, the author of the scheme, whoever he was, had small cause for pride in it, the fort being an inconsiderable little post, not worth the inevitable waste of life involved in

its assault. Yet Colonel Parnell is zealous in claiming a monopoly of the idea for the Prince, as if it were a high distinction, by arguments which prove little more than that he may have conceived it, as Colonel de St. Pierre, praised by Colonel Parnell for his honest independence, says he conceived it. Doubtless it occurred to several, including Peterborough, though Richards seems to have known nothing of the title of anybody else. He asseverates that Peterborough was the real projector; and he scarcely was the tame satellite that he seems to Colonel Parnell. So harsh a critic as he eventually became would not have left his very favourable statement of Peterborough's conduct of the assault in his journal uncancelled if the facts had seemed to him capable of a contrary construction. The explanation of Peterborough's apparent difficulty in making up his mind is that he delighted in keeping others in perplexity; in sending them off on a wild-goose chase of his intentions. It was a habit for which perversity of temper more than fear of the publication of his designs was answerable. In his own day he suffered for it in the anger and evil speaking of such as Richards. He pays the penalty at this interval of years in the denial to him of any credit for the accomplishment of his own project. As a matter of moral justice that is very right; but in point of historical truth it would be unsafe so to punish him. On the balance of evidence and conjectures the most probable inference is that Prince George had thought of an attack upon Montjuich independently, and that Peterborough thought of it independently, but that Peterborough, being commander-in-chief, decided upon it in his own right, and whether on Sunday evening or, as is more likely, on

Sunday morning, stated to the Prince his decision, not his acquiescence.

It seems idle to dispute that the accomplishment of the plan was due to the commander-in-chief of the Allies, who was present in person. Unless for his intervention it is admitted there would have been a fatal failure. If he were, as is alleged, unjust to Charlemont his error is to be regretted. It was natural, and all but unavoidable, when he saw the acting leader and his men flying together with none in pursuit. The final capture of the fort is attributed to him on testimony as sufficient as that by which any general wears his honours. At all events it cannot be claimed for Prince George, who died at a crisis of defeat. If it were not in itself of essential consequence, but only desired by the Prince as an incentive to a serious attempt on the town, it can as plausibly be contended for Peterborough that this was his motive also. There is a difference in his favour that he realised his calculation. It is a fanciful assumption that all his military colleagues voted vigorously against a siege from subservience to a chief for whom, we are assured, they felt no respect. They expressed, it may reasonably be presumed, their sincere opinion, which at one time, for good cause, was his. Only, their reluctance had outlasted his. When he became convinced that it was impracticable to induce the King to march upon Madrid, as Prince George himself would originally have preferred, he well may have sought an occasion to animate them to an attack on Barcelona. He found it in the storming of Montjuich. Why it is thought necessary to exalt the legitimate merit of Shovel in the operations at the expense of Peterborough is not very comprehensible. As joint admiral,

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Peterborough was responsible with Shovel for the naval aid. From him solely Petit and Richards derived their authority for their engineering feats. It seems as strange to leave out of account his part in the rescue of the garrison and city at large from an agony of anarchy, and to transfer the praise to one of his brigadiers.

The capture of Barcelona may not have been the arduous and glorious exploit which Peterborough's panegyrists have accounted it. But the chief credit, whatever its degree, is his by right. In the indictment against him full allowance is made for the difficulties involved in the subsequent wresting of Valencia from the Bourbon King, and the discomfiture of the French armaments in Catalonia. Here too, however, as in the previous events, Peterborough becomes a vanishing point, and, if visible, is rendered ridiculous. All his romantic marches and countermarches, the scaring of superior hosts, the audacious trickeries, the wisdom, the valour, the self-restraint, at one time are stigmatised as the buffooneries of a coward; at another they are massed together, and, with much harshness to a very respectable writer, Major George Warburton, dismissed as "a tissue of ludicrous invention, compiled by him under the guise of a biography." Freind, who really is the responsible authority, has, it may be conceded, here and there coloured a story, as often as not in a manner to tell against its hero. For the absolute relegation of his narrative to the realm of myths no ground exists. Still less reason is there for ascribing the initiative in military movements, upon which grave issues depended, to anybody rather than the commander-in-chief. If by the middle of 1706 King Charles was recognised

as sovereign throughout Valencia, it is impossible to see on what fair pretext the honour is to be abstracted from Peterborough. At his entrance he found a powerful Bourbon army with no adversary to oppose it in the field. He left the province virtually freed and cleared. The criticism on a commander before whom a superior force has retreated in dismay, that during his progress he had taken, according to his own account, the most extraordinary precautions to avoid the possibility of being obliged to fight, is not convincing.

In the endeavour to deprive Peterborough of the renown of the relief of Barcelona from Tessé there is the same weakness. Happy results certainly effected are imputed to anybody but the one person immediately answerable. Peterborough entertained the belief after, as before, the capture of Barcelona that Madrid might be occupied by a bold march from Valencia. The period of the French siege of Barcelona was exceptionally favourable. Had Charles escaped, as Peterborough advised, from the city, where his presence was a most vital danger to his dynasty, he could have headed an expedition to the capital sure to have succeeded. If the policy were mistaken, the error is not to be branded as either treacherous or dastardly. In no case was there any of the supposed incompatibility between the employment destined by Peterborough for the troops on board and the relief of the blockaded port by Leake's warships. When the plans for some more profitable use of the soldiers were definitely rejected Peterborough devoted his energies with a zeal which, if theatrical, seems to have been entirely sincere, to the hastening of the fleet with all its armament to the city. Leake must to

anxious expectants have appeared to be extremely slow. Peterborough might naturally believe that his personal intervention was necessary. Of right his flag was flown when he boarded the vice-admiral's ship. When he arrived in Barcelona, by equal right he took the lead in the defence. To him, by right again, belongs such praise as commonly attends the relief of a besieged town at a crisis of despair. The history of the period which followed is a tangle of cross purposes. Hard as the clue is to discover and grasp, it will not be denied that Peterborough was wise in recommending the route by Valencia for the King's progress to Madrid. He advised it in good faith, and by that way had the means, which he desired to apply, of promoting success. When the King surrendered himself to rival counsellors Peterborough reviled or sulked. He had not the grace to take up cheerfully plans formed by others against which he had struggled. That was his defect, and a great defect, though not of the class indicated by the censures upon him. Against the remainder of the accusation, based on his departure from the Guadalajara camp with its surfeit of generals, he requires no defence. Personally he ran more risk in his journey to the coast with eighty dragoons than by staying in the midst of an army.

If any one choose to charge against Peterborough that he was furiously bent upon having his own way; that he could agree with none who were in command; that he was fond of independence to the point either of license or of tyranny; that he loved the appearance as well as the reality of power; that he would scheme and plot; that he was an insubordinate servant unless to a

very docile master, and a vexatious colleague for partners who would not consent to be clerks; that he could not appreciate good service, like that of Cifuentes and Basset y Ramos, which was not after the English model; that he was sceptical of virtues, like the courage and honesty of Charles, on account of their framework of haughtiness and fanaticism; that though to friends or dependents who could not be rivals he might exhibit the easiness of access and noble openness of mind extolled by Dr. Freind, he was in public life addicted to mysteries and to mystifying; that he was in the habit of attitudinising; that himself and his admirers grudged his associates all share in his fame; that exploits were ascribed to him which he neither performed nor ordered; that many Spaniards combated as bravely and obstinately for King Charles as he and most of his Englishmen; that his activity often degenerated into fussiness; that neither in words nor deeds was he always scrupulously honest; that he played at war, as he had played at politics; that his brightest exploits glorified the doer rather than promoted a cause; that interested contemporaries, and posterity enamoured of the picturesque or grotesque, have exaggerated the marvels of the siege and rescue of Barcelona, and the conquest or deliverance of Valencia; that he committed mistakes, as when he omitted to head the pursuit of de Tessé's retreating army, and haggled unworthily over the precise amount of strength requisite for the subjugation of the Balearic Isles; that much of the enthusiasm for him was a form of spite against his enemies—if, in short, the object be to insert shadows, or to qualify the extravagances of partisanship, he must be a very

absolute apologist who would venture to protest. But to rank Peterborough as a nonentity, who suffered others to exercise the prerogatives which were his; a betrayer of the interests he had pledged himself to guard; a poltroon who was ever considering how to save his skin; a thief who boasted of his private sacrifices when he was lavishing the pay of the State's soldiers on his private pleasures and vices; a braggart who imposed upon nobody—is to draw, instead of a portrait a caricature, and to try to rob history of a delightful episode, in acts and in character, without the gift of aught in its place. It is satisfactory to be able to come to the conclusion that the accustomed figure remains much as it was, and where it was, though its pedestal may have been somewhat lowered. The standard of stature in the gallery of the War of the Spanish Succession is not so heroic that it could afford without a struggle to part with the one type not drearily commonplace.

CHAPTER IX

RETURN—VINDICATION—DIPLOMACY

Peterborough did not disobey the order for his return to England to the literal extent of staying in Spain. He took his own self-willed and embarrassing mode of complying. Captain Henry Mordaunt was still on the Valencian coast, and a son of Stanhope was captain of one of the five frigates under his command. Peterborough embarked with Charles's envoy to Piedmont on board the "Resolution." On the fifth day they fell in with six French men-of-war. Peterborough and the minister were persuaded, for the sake of the safety of their papers, to change their quarters to a faster frigate. Favoured by darkness they reached Leghorn. Henry Mordaunt fought his ship from six in the morning to three in the afternoon, when he ran her ashore. The next day a French eighty-gun ship worked her way in, and Mordaunt with a severe wound in his thigh carried his crew in boats to land. The news reached England, from a Dutch source in the first place, on April 15th. Peterborough stopped to be assured of Henry's escape and then proceeded to Turin. There he would have resumed the old discussion with the Duke on an expedition against Toulon and into Roussillon. Marlborough,

from intelligence he had received from Italy, reported to Godolphin that Peterborough's chiefest business at Turin had been to persuade the Duke to send troops to Catalonia, so that they might be able to make a diversion in Roussillon. He wanted that to be done from Piedmont which he had failed to induce Galway to do from Valencia. He had, moreover, another plan which he was simultaneously promoting, though it met with less sympathy from the Duke of Savoy. He wished to persuade the Queen's Government to despatch the fleet for the reduction of the Neapolitan dependencies of the Spanish crown. That scheme, according to a subsequent statement by Marlborough in Parliament, was discountenanced by the Duke of Savoy, who feared it might weaken the Toulon project. Peterborough's assistance even in the latter question, about which the Duke was sincerely anxious, could not be safely accepted. Though Peterborough held himself out as accredited by the King of Spain, the Duke was prudent enough to see in him only an English subject out of favour. Chetwynd, the British envoy, had been instructed to repeat to him the Queen's positive mandate that he was to return to England, and had notified to the ministers at Turin that his commissions as plenipotentiary and general had been revoked. The Duke told Chetwynd he stopped Peterborough so soon as the Toulon matter was mooted. He told him that he was unable to treat with a subject of the Queen till he had justified himself in England of what he seemed to be accused; and to England the Duke as a friend advised him to hasten. His interpretation of the Queen's orders and the Duke's counsel was, when he left Turin on April 30th, to set off

on a circular tour by Austria, Saxony, and the Netherlands.

At every stage he stirred the speculation of Europe, as was his pleasure. The Emperor Joseph, King Charles's brother, received him well at Vienna. He was supposed, Marlborough had heard, to be gone thither in quest of troops for the operations in Spain, though, he added, "his mind changes so often that there is not much weight to be laid upon his motions." The main subject of his conversation seems to have been the Neapolitan expedition, which had caught the fancy of King Charles and the Emperor, and his advocacy of it put him into the good graces of the Austrian Court. Count Wratislaw, the Emperor's minister, who had been prejudiced against him, was captivated. He addressed Marlborough strongly in his favour and against Galway, whose incapacity, he predicted, would ruin Godolphin's administration. On July 2nd he wrote: "Lord Peterborough is on the eve of his departure to visit you. He has shown himself sufficiently humble, though his ardour has occasionally transported him beyond the limits of moderation. I have persuaded him not to publish his manifesto before he converses with you; and if the Court does not persecute him he will not do it. I believe it will be dangerous to offend him, as he is an Englishman and has been supplanted by a Frenchman, who has been the cause of this irreparable loss. When you have spoken to him you will probably be more satisfied with him than you imagine; for Prince Eugene has written to me that his lordship thinks like a general, though he does not always express himself with propriety; and it is likewise

true that he predicted the misfortunes which have come to pass."

By arrangement with Wratislaw Peterborough's next point was Leipsic. Wratislaw wished to ascertain the intentions of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden more freely than was possible through regular diplomacy at a Court, where, as Peterborough wrote to Marlborough, private persons had the advantage of ministers, especially if they would put on a blue coat and a black cravat. Charles, having reduced Augustus of Saxony to abject submission, was preparing for his invasion of Russia. The world's gaze was concentrated on his movements. Marlborough had visited him in the spring, and had condescended to gross flattery in order to persuade him to direct his forces against France. Peterborough fancied he might be more successful, through the sympathy perhaps of mixed heroism and craziness. A narrative of his visit has been preserved in an intercepted letter from Besenval, the French Agent with Charles. The King, though apprised of the visit, did not admit Peterborough to his presence at Leipsic, and rode off to the camp at Altranstädt without giving him notice. Peterborough, hearing he was gone, borrowed a groom's horse and followed. At length coming up he begged Charles not to go so fast, a liberty, he sarcastically said, he would not have taken if he had been mounted on the smallest of the horses with which his Majesty's stables were filled. Charles laughed and listened to him all the way to Altranstädt. Six years later he regarded Charles as a mere headstrong youth, who had lost many kingdoms by pride and folly. Now he could not determine whether he were very wise or very foolhardy, any more than Besenval could tell

whether Peterborough himself were bold or a madman. His theme he had carefully meditated, and committed to paper. As they rode side by side he expounded it with a personal charm acknowledged by all his contemporaries. It was adapted to the Royal Swede's absolute selfishness and insatiable vanity. He argued, not from a British or from an European point of view, but from that of his companion, which, he believed, might ultimately be equally for the benefit of England. He showed how, with the eighteen thousand horse, eight thousand dragoons, and fifty thousand foot, the best troops in the world, mad enough to obey with pleasure all he could command, the King might determine the fate of Europe in the quality of arbitrator. Charles was not likely to be offended by his "too great vivacity." The little impression his efforts produced he was disposed to attribute to the antagonism of some Swedish ministers who were suspected of being pensioners of England. His real and invincible obstacle was the fixed idea in the King's mind of a supreme blow at the Czar, which, it was fated, should be struck, and rebound, at Pultowa.

The visits to Charles and the Emperor had been two motives of Peterborough's circuit through Europe. On his passage from point to point he amused himself according to his nature and his philosophy of life. He wrote to Stanhope, still intimate though no longer trusted, that he did not mean to reach Parliament and old England before the autumn. In the meantime he was enjoying the pleasure of liberty and idleness, going from Court to Court, seeing wonders. Among other diversions was a visit to Hanover. There he is said to have flattered the wish of the Electress Sophia to pay a

visit to England as heiress presumptive to the Crown. In return she entertained him daily at dinner and supper, sending a state-coach with six horses to fetch him. Apparently the impression he made upon a more important person, her son, was unfavourable. But an interview with Marlborough was his true object, and to that both intending guest and host looked with some anxiety. Peterborough announced from Altranstädt the stage he had reached on his road. He spoke frankly of his visit to the Swedish camp, of his dislike for the offensive war programme forced upon the Allies in Spain, in deference to "Mr. Stanhope's politics," and of his regret at the neglect of his advice to sail against Naples. Above all, he embraced the opportunity of warning Marlborough, as a confidant of the ministry, of the line he intended to take towards it. He should be glad, he wrote on July 22nd, to meet with a suitable protection, at least justification, from the Queen, and he had waited with great patience to the end. If it were not rendered, he could give it himself at any time; and he could not doubt but that the Queen would permit him to employ himself elsewhere if her Majesty had no occasion for his services. Marlborough had not, it seems, replied very quickly to the Earl's letters. He told his duchess at the end of June that he had not sent answers to any of them, not knowing where to forward them. As early, however, as May he had received with polite warmth the first suggestion of a visit. Lady Peterborough appears to have intimated that she might perhaps cross the Channel to meet her husband, and the Duke prayed that in such an event he might be allowed to welcome both in his camp. To the Earl he wrote, when he learnt

where to address him, hoping that "your friendship to me," together with the "curiosity of seeing this army," would bring him very quickly. He forwarded a French pass to Cologne, which would enable him to travel by the shortest route without risk from French partisans. Not long before he had seriously and with no apparent irony been contrasting, in a letter to Lady Peterborough, the "perfect friendship and good correspondence" of Noyelles and Peterborough with the bad understanding between "our other generals and the Court of Spain," which had led to the "misfortunes we now lie under in that country." But he recommended to Count Maffey caution in his intercourse with the traveller, who, he said, was capable "d'elarger, et de donner tout un autre tour à ce qu'on lui voudrait dire."

Peterborough arrived at Marlborough's headquarters at Soignies early in August, and stayed too long for his host's liking. He and Marlborough were at the opposite poles in character. Though they had long been intimate, and continued to exchange compliments with one another as late as 1709, they were naturally mistrustful. Spontaneously he would hardly have sought the Duke's society more than the Duke sought his. Now, however, he had something to gain. He had his case to place before one who, of all contemporary Englishmen, was the most potent to give it vogue. For ten days he went over his campaigns and his controversies. Marlborough was strongly prejudiced against his conduct, and regarded all apologies for him as damaging to their authors. He had written to his duchess on June 27th, 1707, that the people in Holland who seemed to be

favourable to Lord Peterborough were of all the worst in that country. Probably he always had an aversion which he had silenced for a while out of policy, or perhaps in deference to his wife. Recently the feuds at the Court of Charles had perplexed the minister on whom Marlborough relied. Unless so far as the interests of the English war party were involved, Marlborough's concern in the merits of Peterborough's policy was slight. His tendency always was to feel jealous of any fervent English interest in the campaigns in Spain, from a fear that it might lead to a curtailment of his own military resources. Here at Soignies he was closeted with him and could not escape, but beneath his mask of invariable serenity he suffered atrociously. He groaned on August 15th to his wife over the continual rain; the weather shut off all possibility of a break in interminable conversations, in which "everything said one day the next destroyed." Three days later he wrote in despair to Godolphin that Lord Peterborough had said all that was possible, but said nothing of leaving the army. He was intensely wearied by the tale, which left his real conviction very much what it had been. He was but slenderly impressed by the kindness felt for the Earl by the Duke of Savoy. Of the very obliging letters from the King of Spain which he showed, he ironically remarks that he could not but wonder at them after what the King had written against him. Peterborough had boasted that he should justify himself in every particular. The utmost that Marlborough could force himself to say in a letter, probably open, which he gave him at his departure to present to Godolphin, was that, so far as he was capable of

judging, the Earl had, he verily thought, acted with great zeal. The one clear conclusion on his behalf was, as it had been before, that, as Wratislaw warned, he might, innocent or not, be dangerous if persecuted. He was in embarrassed circumstances, which itself in Marlborough's eyes meant mischief. He had declared he was some thousand pounds the worse for the service, having lost his equipages; and this would certainly seem very serious to Marlborough. Six weeks earlier he had written that all he knew concerning Lord Peterborough was that he would do anything to get the payment of an arrear of about £3000. A needy, reckless genius required wary handling. The duchess was recommended to watch her pen in any answer to his letters; for that, sooner or later, it would be in print. A few months before he had impressed caution in the same spirit: "There is nothing that may not be expected from Lord Peterborough and his fair lady. I have observed since I have been in the world that the next misfortune to having friendship with such people is that of having any dispute with them, and that care should be taken to have as little to do with them as possible." One of his character could not with impunity be either encouraged or, Godolphin is reminded, rebuked: "He is very capable of pushing his animosities so far as to hurt himself, and give a good deal of trouble to others, which were to be wished might have been avoided, especially this winter."

He returned on August 20th, and surprised everybody by doing nothing. He had been ten days or a fortnight in town without even trying to see the Queen or the ministers. His explanation was that, having been

struck out of the Privy Council, he thought it improper to go to Court unless he were sent for. His reference was not to his expulsion from the Council in the previous reign, which had been reversed by his restoration in March, 1705. But in May, 1707, in consequence of the Act of Union with Scotland, a new Privy Council for Great Britain had been constituted. Peterborough and fifteen others, who were members of the old Council for England, partly on account of absence from London and partly for political reasons, were not summoned to attend. He, therefore, was for the present not a Privy Councillor. Another explanation he is said to have given of his delay was that he was waiting for an assurance of a good reception. His old friends and colleagues had no intention to accord it to him. They declared he must first render an account of his negotiations and transactions, and that his general instructions positively required it. A week before his arrival Mr. Secretary Harley, acting, as Godolphin believed, with the sympathy of Halifax, Somers, and Sunderland, had advised more positively harsh measures. He told Godolphin that Peterborough ought to be required to show he had obeyed orders, and in default should be sent to trial for a misdemeanour before a common jury. Harley's opinion was that it was better to find him work to defend himself than to leave him at leisure to do mischief. At length he applied for an audience. Sunderland is said to have refused it until he should have cleared himself of several charges. He must explain why he had not marched to Madrid in the last campaign, and why he had not given King Charles the money entrusted to him for the pur-

pose; he must also excuse his journey to Italy without orders from home, and the disadvantageous terms of his Genoa loan. His reply was addressed to the nation, not to the Secretary of State. He had said: "I have overcome all my enemies except lies, and those I have papers enough with me to defeat." From them Freind, as has already been mentioned, drew up the Account of the Earl of Peterborough's Conduct in Spain. Its official dryness was leavened by a measured indignation which was loudly echoed by a multitude of enemies of the Government. Tories were able to claim the merit of impartiality in their sudden admiration of its theme. A Whig of Whigs, Peterborough was abhorred and persecuted by his political brethren; the Tories caressed him as if out of pure patriotism. They lauded his constant success; they inquired the reason for the neglect and premature recall of the only general who, as Swift later expressed it, "by a course of conduct and fortune almost miraculous had nearly put us into possession of the kingdom of Spain." He had resumed his attendance in Parliament. In his presence, on December 15th, 1707, the Tory Lord Rochester alluded to him as having been employed in most important posts, and been neither thanked nor censured. Peterborough spoke, not defending himself, but simply demanding an inquiry. The Queen was privately present. On a subsequent motion for an address to the Queen in favour of continuing the war in Spain, and persuading the Emperor to aid his brother more vigorously by the despatch of reinforcements under Prince Eugene, he inveighed against peace on any other terms than the enthronement of Charles at whatever cost. Rather than leave

the crown with the Bourbons he would return and serve under the Earl of Galway.

Shortly afterwards a distinct demand was raised for a recognition of Peterborough's services. Halifax replied for the Government. With intentional ambiguity he admitted that the achievements, if Dr. Freind were to be believed, were only to be equalled by those related by Quintus Curtius of Alexander the Great. But charges had been brought which must be refuted before rewards were given. He contended that inquiry was necessary first into the whole tenor of the general's conduct, and he understood the Earl himself to have nothing more at heart. At once the challenge was accepted. An inquiry was ordered, and it commenced in January, 1708. A vast body of evidence, both documentary and oral, was produced, which nobody cared to weigh judicially. The inquiry was a trial of strength between the Ministry and the Opposition, in which the question of Peterborough's generalship was tossed to and fro like a football. As Swift, not yet as close a friend of his as he was soon to become, described it, with some indignation at the waste of public time, the affair seemed to be little more than an amusement. It was a perfect jest, he wrote on February 5th, 1708, to see how in this game of cross purposes Godolphin's Whig Cabinet insinuated that the commander it had chosen was an impostor, while the Tories hotly upheld the heroism of as great a Whig as could be found in the kingdom. A week later he wrote that it was still upon the anvil, and what they would beat it into no man could tell. Peterborough's speeches appear to have been extremely long. One on January 13th is said to have lasted for

three hours; but they did not tire out his hearers, so bravely did he defy the ministers, and so sharply and wittily did he fire into their ranks. According to Addison, he showed more than ordinary gaiety both in the House and out of it. The result of ten days of controversy, scattered over January and February, was not very decisive. The House affirmed the allegation against the Government that, at the date of the battle of Almanza, only eight thousand six hundred men were in English pay when, according to the votes, the number should have been twenty-nine thousand six hundred. On the personal question of Peterborough's conduct it adopted none of the accusations. A Dr. Kingston, who had ventured to print some reflections on his Spanish campaigns, was ordered into the custody of the Black Rod, and on January 20th the Attorney-General was directed to prosecute him. On the other hand, a motion for a vote of thanks was defeated. Halifax's contemporary biographer boasts this was due to that statesman's "dexterous management in favour of the Duke of Marlborough, who would otherwise have resented the refusal of thanks to himself." Such dexterity is not admirable. An inquiry by a board of generals at Whitehall in February, under the presidency of the Duke of Schomberg, into the behaviour of Lord Charlemont at Montjuich and Peterborough's conduct in depriving him of his colonelcy by disbanding his regiment in disgrace, was equally inconclusive. The board would not take the responsibility of condemning either Charlemont or Peterborough.

Popularly it had been supposed that the Government would accept the Parliamentary debates as a complete

justification. At the end of July, 1708, it was rumoured that Peterborough had kissed the Queen's hands, and was about to be gazetted Governor of Jamaica. The first part of the story was true. Godolphin wrote on July 30th from Windsor to Marlborough that Peterborough was come hither that morning with instructions to wait upon the Queen for the first time since his return to England. Nothing was farther from the intention of the Government than the grant of any bounty, irritated as they were by his pertinacity in attacking their military policy. The retort was a succession of importunities for the details of his receipts and disbursements. Richards remarks in his journal upon the laxity of his book-keeping, and his habit of giving money to his officers without security for its due expenditure. As he could render no regular accounts, his property was attached till he should have cleared up his pay-lists. It was retaliation for the insinuations of his supporters that the country had been taxed for the maintenance of thousands in Spain who were never there. Throughout the remainder of 1708 and the early months of 1709 he was occupied with the compilation of ledgers. He was made answerable for others, from whom he had not obtained discharges. These fiscal worries explain the disappearance of his figure from public life for some time after the inquiry closed. At one moment the Treasury appeared to be inclined to leniency. On January 31st, 1709, a privy seal was drawn for the discharge of the Earl of Peterborough's lands from any demands of the Crown on account of his late employment in Spain. But the ministerial temper soon resumed its old harshness. He exclaimed indignantly to Godolphin in a letter of March

26th, 1709, that for all his services the recompense he had to expect was not to be master of his own estate, under the pretext that he had the disposition of public moneys. He requested an official audit, and Godolphin ordered it. Fresh demands sprouted out from it. Thus in April, 1709, the Prize Committee called for money chargeable on the prizes which had been made while he was in command.

In the same year and in the next he had other and more grievous cause for want of interest in public affairs, and for an intention, arising, he said, from the little satisfaction he found in this country, to ask the Queen's leave to go abroad. He alluded in his letter of March 26th to Godolphin to his wife's indisposition. On May 13th she died of a quinsy. A poet of Grub Street describes her as possessed of beauty and wit and every charming grace. The muse in praising her was truthful if venal. She was the friend of Locke, and a brave, clever, fascinating, and faithful wife, who seems to have held her husband's affections much more durably than he with his chronicles of gallantry liked the world to suppose. He buried her in the family tomb in Turvey Church, which, with the dilapidated hall degraded into a farmhouse, practically represented his share of the ancient patrimony of Mordaunt. Her death was not to be Peterborough's only bereavement. In February, 1710, his second son Henry, the hero of the "Resolution," after a slow recovery from his terrible wound, had been carried off by smallpox, to the general regret of all who knew him; and in April his elder son John fell a victim to the same fatal disease. John, Lord Mordaunt, was a brilliant soldier. Marlborough complimented his father

upon the good share he had in the victory over the Bavarians at Schellenberg, and he lost an arm at Blenheim. He also had distinguished himself in the House of Commons. Six months before, Peterborough had been visiting him at his or his wife's house in Yorkshire. One daughter, Lady Henrietta, and two grandsons, John's children by his wife, a daughter of the Duke of Bolton, were the wreck of Peterborough's family. The representation of the house of Mordaunt in the male line after his own death was continued by his elder grandson Charles, who became fourth Earl of Peterborough. He was succeeded by his son, Charles Henry, fifth and last Earl. Peterborough's daughter is described in a letter from Lady Mary Coke among the Melbourne Hall Papers as a great beauty, but "so ill-bred that she could not make a curtsy." She was married to Lord Huntly in February, 1707, became Duchess of Gordon, and died in 1760.

Peterborough was warm-hearted with all his affectation of frivolity. He may well, as is stated, have been stunned by his successive losses. But his nature was elastic, and circumstances did not permit him to languish in dejection. A Court earthquake in 1710 made him look on English politics with new and hopeful eyes. His principles were, as has before been said, sound Whig principles. Yet fate willed it that he should more than once be indebted for a fresh start to a crushing calamity of the Whig cause. The Duchess of Marlborough's feud with her mistress overthrew the so-called Whig ministry. A Tory or neo-Tory ministry, of which the chiefs were Harley and St. John, succeeded. The governing strength

of the ministry was in the Commons; in the Lords, where it had a large numerical following, it was greatly outweighed in debating power and statesmanship by the Whig junto. Harley judged that Peterborough was, as he said, to be had, and that he was worth having. Not allowing himself to be disturbed by the recollection of his advice to Godolphin in August, 1707, or by Peterborough's notorious dislike of Tory and High Church doctrines, he proceeded to engage him in the confederacy against Marlborough. Peterborough was flattered by seeming to be taken into the inner circle of the coterie. He was one of the five original guests at Harley's Saturday dinners, where the Brothers, as they styled themselves, settled over their wine the policy of the party. His prospects of office grew bright. The Godolphin administration had not been dismissed a week when it was rumoured that he was, like the late Prince George of Denmark, to combine the offices of General of the Marines and First Commissioner of the Admiralty, with Leake as second to him. According to a correspondent of the Duchess of Marlborough it was currently believed in August and September that he might have the appointment if he would. Only he himself demurred, pretending not to care for coming into the Admiralty, but only to go to sea. Finally the Admiralty was otherwise disposed of; but he was appointed on November 2nd Captain-General of the Marines, with £5 a day pay. Next month he was nominated Ambassador-Extraordinary to Vienna. The object of his mission was said to be to move the Emperor to prosecute more vigorously the war in Spain. As a means to that end he was to try to restore cordiality between the Emperor and the Duke

of Savoy. Peterborough had only to be trusted with any business, for it to grow into overwhelming importance, and so it happened with his embassy to Vienna. Though, with his usual futile sagacity, he foresaw, as he told Swift, that he would be allowed to do no good by his present journey, his fancy treated it as a pivot on which European politics in general should revolve. Undoubtedly it possessed real importance. Marlborough wrote in May to Secretary St. John, and to the same purport to the Duke of Shrewsbury, that no proper measures could be adopted with respect to a final arrangement of the affairs of the Spanish Succession until the steps taken by Peterborough with the Court of Vienna and the Duke of Savoy should be known. But few missions could have been actually so weighty as his seemed to him. Swift, who was one of the society of the Brothers, in a letter of January 3rd, 1711, sketches vividly the man's eager and exuberant energy. "Lord Peterborough yesterday called me into a butcher's shop, and there he talked deep politics. He desired me to dine with him to-day at the Globe in the Strand. He said he would show me very clearly how to get Spain. I went accordingly, and saw him among half a dozen lawyers and attorneys and hangdogs, signing deeds and stuff before his journey, for he goes to-morrow to Vienna. I sat among that scurvy company till after four, but heard nothing of Spain."

He did not go on the morrow, for a reason which was sufficient for him, who sincerely believed that he was entrusted with affairs of essential gravity. It was much more than sufficient for the ministers. They had invented the Austrian mission to keep him engaged, and

were afraid chiefly that he should turn it into a reality. His servants were at Greenwich on their way to embark when the two Houses resolved to inquire into the conduct of the war in Spain from the beginning. In December, 1710, through the absence of proper intelligence about the enemy's position such as Peterborough always succeeded in collecting, Stanhope and a couple of thousand Englishmen had been forced to surrender at Brihuega. The nation was enraged at the management which had conduced to such an end of the Spanish struggle. Harley and his colleagues were willing to gratify the sentiment to the utmost. Peterborough, they knew, would rejoice to help them to tear open the whole history on his own account. Consequently the Duke of Beaufort moved on January 4th, 1711, that he and others should be asked to explain to the House of Lords the circumstances of the Spanish campaigns, and on the next day the investigation began. Peterborough, Galway, and Sir Charles O'Hara, now Lord Tyrawley, were the principal officers called. Peterborough was interrogated on the policy of Galway's stay of a fortnight at Madrid in the summer of 1706, and on his alleged omission to keep Peterborough at Valencia informed of his movements; on the King's choice of the route to Aragon instead of to Valencia; and on the decision of the councils of war, in the winter of 1707, particularly that of January 15th, for offensive operations, and for a second march upon Madrid, with the reasons for the King's consequent departure to Barcelona.

At the invitation of the House he elaborately defended himself in a speech, which was also an indictment of

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Godolphin's cabinet and of its favourite Galway. He had been, he charged, ill supported and traduced, and the public had been imposed on. The *London Gazette* allowed the country to presume that twenty-five thousand troops sailed with Stanhope in the spring of 1706, when the true number was five thousand. Such poor reinforcements as came were miserably equipped: there were no carriages, mules, or horses, either for the men or the guns; while for money he had to shift with the little he had of his own or could pick up about the world. Yet, he proudly asserted, no party of men under his command was ever beaten, and no ship was ever lost. He extended his apology for himself to the time after he had ceased to participate in active military operations. He had been recalled, he complained, by the late ministry on the plea that, without the Queen's authority, he had negotiated matters of so high a nature as British armed concert with the Duke of Savoy in the siege of Toulon. He had gone to Turin, he confessed, for the purpose, and he contended that the negotiation was in precise accordance with his instructions. In pursuance, he argued, of a policy which it was his direct duty to promote, he had returned to Spain to arrange with Galway for a supply of five thousand auxiliaries for the Duke. His voice had been for an offensive war on the Italian frontier, and an attitude of defence in Spain. Galway rejected his advice in both particulars, and the result was Almanza. His own reward had been an abrupt letter of recall, which, however, he had sent back unopened, and, on his return to England, cold and averted looks.

A series of questions was addressed to him, and he

answered them, first orally, and then in a written recapitulation, as he called it. Freind was summoned before the House on the fourth day of the inquiry, to swear to the authenticity of the documents he had printed in his Account. Galway in vain read an elaborate explanation, which testified at least to the honour and loyalty of the hardly-used veteran. In vain he tried to prove that the council of war of January 15th, 1707, at which Peterborough had given his opinion against offensive operations, was only one of a number of consultations, and that at others which followed Peterborough had himself voted for marching to Madrid by way of Aragon. In vain Marlborough appealed for justice to Galway, a faithful servant to England, though "unhappy." To his and Lord Cowper's remarks on the merits of an offensive war, as maintained by Galway, Peterborough retorted with irony that one would be apt to think that the ministry was for a defensive war, when it suffered him to want men, money, and all necessaries. The testimony of events was all for him, and against the obstinately brave and tactically skilful but uninspired Huguenot. The dispute was protracted, with intervals, over several weeks, and had various stages. On January 9th the House voted, by 59 to 45, that Peterborough's account of the council of war at Valencia was just, faithful, and honourable, disregarding Bishop Burnet's objection to the epithet of just as implying that Galway had not spoken truth in his contradiction. On January 11th the debate was resumed. Peterborough explained his journey to Italy to concert, he said, the siege of Toulon in conformity with his instructions. He commented on his recall by

Secretary Sunderland in a despatch of September, 1706, which censured him for negotiating matters of so high a nature without the Queen's authority. Incidentally an angry and confused altercation arose over a letter he wrote to Secretary Hedges on September 10th, stating that he thought the capture of Toulon practicable. The inquiry took a fresh departure on January 12th. The respective responsibility of the cabinet and of the ministers for the conduct of the war was discussed. Peterborough inveighed against the control exercised by members of the so-called cabinet over affairs. A doubt having been expressed of the meaning of the term Cabinet Council, he described it as "a body of persons who fingered the money, meddled with war, meddled with things they did not understand, so that sometimes there was no minister in the cabinet council." Then there was a pause to consider Galway's guilt or innocence in having yielded the right, the post of honour, at Almanza to the Portuguese. The House went into that theme on January 17th, and voted very absurdly that Galway had acted contrary to the honour of the Imperial Crown of Great Britain. After another interval it considered, on January 31st, in order to cast odium on the Godolphin administration, the discrepancy between the number of troops Parliament had voted for Spain and the number which served there. The majority was determined at once to condemn the late ministry and to justify Peterborough. By 68 to 48 it resolved that the late ministers were justly to be blamed for contributing to all disasters in Spain, and to the consequent disappointment of the expedition against Toulon, by carrying on an offensive war; that the Earl of Peter-

borough had performed many great and eminent services; and that his opinion in the council of war at Valencia, had it been followed, might very probably have prevented the subsequent misfortunes. Thirty-six peers protested against the vote. Motions by the Dukes of Argyle and Buckingham for a compliment to him and a vote of thanks were carried without dissent. Lord Keeper Harcourt had been a witness in the wretched sequel to Fenwick's Attainder Bill; now he was the mouthpiece of the enthusiasm of his brother peers for Peterborough's amazing success in Spain, due to his personal bravery and conduct. "Such," he said, "is your lordship's known generosity and truly noble temper, that I assure myself the present I am now offering is the more acceptable, as it comes pure and unmixed, and is unattended by any other reward, which your lordship might think an alloy to it." Peterborough answered with eloquent simplicity that such a recompense was more than sufficient for any past hardships, and nothing could give an addition to it. On February 10th an address was presented to the Queen, expressing the admiration of the House for the many great and eminent services performed by the Earl of Peterborough.

The votes of the peers proved, it must be confessed, literally nothing on their declared subject. They are no more evidence that Peterborough was a pattern of generalship, valour, and wisdom, or that Galway was an obstinate military pedant with a Frenchman's indifference to the honour of the British flag, than, if sixty-eight peers had happened to be Whigs and forty-eight to be Tories, the reverse resolutions would have settled Galway's merit

and Peterborough's demerit. With the existing balance of parties, and in the existing fury of party spirit, they were a foregone conclusion. But they answered their purpose. They testified to utter weariness of the war and to dislike of Marlborough. Marlborough, when he defended Galway, was repelling an attack upon himself, for Galway's failures were not so obnoxious as Marlborough's glory. The panegyrics on Peterborough were intended, and interpreted, as rebukes to the more famous general. He was exalted that the other might be abased. Everybody has read how a London mob, mistaking, which must have been difficult for the blindest mob, the restless wiry earl for the stately and serene duke, was threatening violence, when Peterborough disabused it by two demonstrative arguments: "In the first place, I have only five guineas in my pocket, and secondly, here they are entirely at your service." Marlborough's odium gave Peterborough favour at Court as with the populace. A freethinker, and reputed a loose liver, he owed to the alliance between the Whigs and Marlborough no little favour also with devoted Churchmen. His republican tendencies were condoned for the same reason by ardent Tories. As Marlborough's rival in military lustre he earned at once the compliments of Harley, St. John, and Harcourt, and the hatred of the duchess, who bracketed him with "Tyburn Dick" Rivers, the father of Richard Savage, as a type of vileness of soul.

He did not linger in London to enjoy his notoriety. From Westminster, after his victory, he drove home, only pausing at a poulterer's to select a fat chicken for his dinner. Granville, or Grenville, Lord Lansdowne,

who happened to pass as the choice was being made, was invited to accompany him and dine upon it and a bottle of claret, and related the transaction. The next morning he was on his way to Vienna. His task was complicated by dissensions in the cabinet he was serving. In a letter addressed from Vienna to Swift, as "Bishop or Dean of ———," he expressed his scorn of the internal discords, of which rumours had reached him. Even Tokay, he said, could not cheer him when faction was so strong and credit so weak. He had no doubt of his success in diplomacy: he had ridden the restive horse, he boasted, till it had become tame; but he hated diplomatic formalism. In the debates of 1708 he had spoken as if he had laid aside the sword for ever, and would fight no more, however long the war lasted; now he regretted his old campaigning life. "It is time," he wrote to Swift, "that statesmen employ me in my own trade, not theirs. If they have nothing else for me to subdue let me command against this rank Whiggish puppet show. Tell St. John he must find me work in the old world or the new." Nevertheless he succeeded in extracting concessions from the Emperor. His work, as defined by his instructions, was, according to a complaint by St. John to another diplomatist, only half done, when with his customary impetuosity he quitted Vienna for Turin. He coloured the offers the Emperor had empowered him to make to the Duke of Savoy more brightly than seems to have been justified by his commission, though Marlborough considered it had "a very good effect at this juncture." At any rate he induced the Duke to agree to lead his troops to the Rhone. The death of the Emperor Joseph

by smallpox on April 17th, 1711, opened a wider field for his love of combinations. Charles, it was anticipated, would succeed to his brother's Imperial Crown. Peterborough appears to have consequently resumed an old plan, and to have taken some steps, without any orders from his Government, towards an engagement to transfer the Spanish throne to the Duke of Savoy. As a preliminary he projected an immediate return of Charles to Germany. Marlborough opposed an abrupt removal from Spain as likely to be calamitous for military prospects there. Peterborough, however, kept his own view, which he stated in a letter of twenty sheets to Secretary St. John. In it, St. John told Lord Raby, the whole world was parcelled out, as if with his fiat and the breath of his mouth it could be accomplished. He hurried to Genoa, to discuss ways and means with the Duke of Argyle, who had been appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces in Spain. His original intention, which was thwarted by lack of encouragement from Argyle, had been to continue his journey to Barcelona, whence he purposed to escort Charles homewards. As an alternative he intercepted the King at Milan, and was able to assure him that the rumours of the intention of England to make separate terms with France were unfounded. At Vienna despatches in reproof of his compromising engagements overtook him, and after a halt of three days he started, without having been officially recalled, for England to explain and maintain. He landed at Yarmouth on June 23rd, attended by a single servant, boasting that he had seen more kings and more postilions than any one else in Europe. In this last journey he had, he told Swift,

scattered the rest of his suite in several towns of Germany. "He sent," says Swift, "expresses, and got here before them. He is over fifty, and as active as one of twenty-five." From the Queen, of whom, on the morrow of his disembarkation, he had an audience to give an account of his mission, he met with a gracious reception, but her ministers could not conceal their dissatisfaction. His head, wrote St. John to Marlborough, sure of sympathy on this subject, was extremely hot, and confused with various indigested schemes. His projects were vast, and supposed nothing less than the restoration of all the troops which belonged to the Spanish war to their established number of fifty-two thousand men, besides taking five thousand Swiss and eight thousand Imperialists into the Queen's pay. Marlborough would know, said St. John, how little able England was to enter into such an increase of charge, and would therefore easily believe that these papers were already grown dusty on the office shelves. Swift, who appreciated Peterborough's capacity much more justly than St. John, described to a correspondent in July his discontent at the general disposition towards peace, and at the waste, therefore, of the skill with which he had persuaded the Emperor and Duke of Savoy to continue operations. "A person of great talents, but dashed with something restless and capricious," comments Swift, "and a sort of person which may give good advice which wise men may reasonably refuse to follow." There we have his character, and the moral of his whole career.

He was a troublesome colleague. Harley and St. John would not have been inconsolable had a carriage accident he experienced during his visit to England pro-

duced yet worse effects than some alarming internal complications. But he could be a more inconvenient antagonist. So he was gazetted Ambassador-Extraordinary to the Diet about to assemble at Frankfort for the election of the Emperor Joseph's successor. A Diet always was a nest of intrigues, and Peterborough did not hold aloof from them. Notwithstanding a severe and nearly fatal illness at Frankfort connected with the hurt which he had given no time to heal, he was reported to have employed himself upon large projects. In default of male heirs to Charles he is said to have suggested that the King of Saxony might be elected King of the Romans. His view, as he had expressed it to Swift, whom he half in earnest invited to come out as his chaplain and secretary in order to qualify for a bishopric, was that, with proper support from home, he could act the Roman senator, and have a levee of suppliant kings expecting their destinies from England. Such visions whispered at Frankfort must have equally disturbed the German and the English Government. They certainly alarmed the councillors of Charles. Gallas, Swift says in his history of the Queen's last four years, sent an Italian clerk to Frankfort, with instructions to pretend to be a Spaniard, and to insinuate himself into the secrets of the ambassador's household. Practically Peterborough had, he felt, no influence at the Diet. He must have rejoiced when a rule, which forbade the presence of strangers at an Imperial installation, constrained him to leave the town on the eve of the Emperor Charles the Sixth's coronation on December 22nd, 1711. He used his leisure to visit Prince Eugene's headquarters at Spires. Then, after a brief return to offer the Queen's congratu-

lations to his old acquaintance, the new Emperor, he proceeded to Italy. Contemporaries amused themselves with fancies that his true business there was a love mission. But it would rather seem that the ingenuity of his ministerial friends, eager simply to occupy him, had set them upon engaging their Sovereign to devise for him a hunt after a mare's nest. The Electoral Prince of Saxony was about to visit Rome. There had been rumours of the new Emperor's willingness to affiance the young archduchess to him, but his Protestantism was an obstacle. Queen Anne had been privately informed that efforts would be made to induce the Prince to turn Catholic at Rome. She wrote herself to Peterborough asking him to insinuate himself in Italy into the Prince's good opinion and induce him to preserve his faith. If the Prince's freedom of action were threatened he should try to secure his safe withdrawal from the Papal dominions. Such, the letter proceeded, was the nature of this service that the Queen could neither enjoin him to correspond with either of the Secretaries of State nor limit the time of his return. The good Queen doubtless wrote in all sincerity ; but it is difficult not to suspect a plot by St. John, in which he had made his mistress, with her affection for the Protestant Church, an innocent accomplice, for giving Peterborough confidential employment without confidence. He was shrewd enough not to be thus deluded, and St. John, discovering it, disclosed his knowledge of the royal project, with which he intimated he had no sympathy. It was, he wrote, a commission which, he perceived, Peterborough did not much relish. He tried to soothe his vanity by expressions of implicit trust and frankness.

Peterborough preserved to a laudable extent an appearance of good humour, and treated the Secretary as the friend he said he was. When he was leaving England in February he had sent him twelve dozen flasks of Burgundy, half for Swift, which Swift never received, St. John confessing he never was quiet till the whole twelve dozen were drunk. He also lent him his house at Parson's Green while he was away at Frankfort. Thither St. John, by his own account to Peterborough, often came, to indulge himself in all those pleasures which shady walks and cool retreats inspire. Nothing was wanting, he exclaimed, but the master to make him willing to continue there for ever. Swift dined at Parson's Green with him, and fell in love with the finest fruit garden ever, he wrote, seen about this town. If pretty speeches concerning himself and his orchards from ministers and their associates could have satisfied Peterborough for the absence of serious employment, he was welcome to as many and as fervid as any one could desire. But he was not their dupe, and cherished deep resentment for the want of faith in him. In his poor state of health, however, he was glad to be free to go to Italy, whither the Queen, it had been reported in London in October, 1711, was sending him for the sake of the climate. He could divert himself with the Carnival of Venice, to which, according to London gossip, he was bending his steps towards the end of January, 1712; and possibly he was already in love with Anastasia Robinson, who was then living with her family in Venice. Not till December, 1712, did he resolve to come home and force his Government to an explanation. He is said by Swift to have been accompanied by a lady, of whom no other particulars

are given; as Anastasia and her relatives returned to England about this time scandal may, as frequently, have misinterpreted the character of his company. The instant of his arrival in London, on January 10th, 1713, he stepped over from his house in Bolton Street to Harley in Dover Street. Harley, now Earl of Oxford and Lord Treasurer, was entertaining St. John, who had been created Viscount Bolingbroke, and the rest of the Brothers at their weekly Saturday dinner. On the announcement that Peterborough was at the door "the Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke," wrote Swift the same night, "went out to meet him, and brought him in. As soon as he saw, he left the Duke of Ormond and other lords, and ran and kissed me before he spoke to them, but chid me terribly for not writing to him. He left England with a bruise, by his coach overturning, and was so ill we expected every post to hear of his death; but he outrode it, or outdrank it, or something, and is come home lustier than ever. He is at least sixty, and has more spirits than any young man I know of in England."

He returned in a fit of impatience at the slowness of the ministers in finding him work, but he showed no desire to quarrel with them. Though his attendance in Parliament was interrupted in the early spring by illness, his attitude, when he was there, implied friendly neutrality. The Peace of Utrecht, which strongly contravened his prepossessions, he neither defended nor attacked. His part in the debate on the allusions in the Queen's speech in April to the negotiations was confined chiefly to a refutation of some criticisms on himself by Halifax, and to an insinuation of the private and pecuniary interest of Marlborough in the continuance of war.

On the only other two occasions on which he spoke his attitude was that of a good Whig. In May he opposed a repeal of the union with Scotland, a marriage, he said, which, having been made, could not be broken, adding that the Scots would never be satisfied, though they had received more money from England than the value of all their estates in their own country put together. This was understood as aimed at Argyle, once a close ally, with whom he had quarrelled over the plan of operations in Spain; and Argyle replied in a speech described as warm. On Whig principles, again, he supported Wharton's motion that the Queen should be asked to require of Lorraine and other foreign States with which she had diplomatic connections the refusal of an asylum to the Pretender. A Tory peer, Lord North and Grey, asked where, then, was the Prince to live? Peterborough is said to have answered, though the equivocal honour of the ill-natured sneer has been claimed for Halifax, that as the Pretender began his studies in Paris, the fittest place for him to improve himself was Rome. Socially, Oxford and Bolingbroke remained on excellent terms with him; ministerially, they fully admitted his claim upon the State, though they adjourned full satisfaction. Yet from time to time crumbs of patronage, by way of earnest, were thrown. In the spring he was appointed to the colonelcy of the Oxford Regiment of Horse, better known as the Royal Horse Guards Blue, then vacant by the death of Lord Rivers. In the first week of August he was elected and installed a Knight of the Garter in company with the Lord Treasurer. At last, in November, something in the nature of real work was assigned to him. He was nominated Ambassador-Extraordinary to

the Duke of Savoy, become, by the Treaty of Utrecht, King of Sicily, and to the other Italian reigning princes. The mission was not of the last degree of importance; yet the Government was not without fear in confiding it to him. He possessed in perfection the art of amplifying the dignity of affairs in which he happened to be engaged, and he had his own peculiar manner of construing the least grant of discretionary powers. Bolingbroke addressed to Bromley, his fellow-Secretary of State within whose province France lay, an emphatic entreaty to tie him down by instructions to the points he might meddle with in his passage through that kingdom, and on no account was he to be left at liberty to entertain the French ministers and himself with a variety of schemes. Bromley might as well have tried to chain the wind. For himself, Bolingbroke added, he had avoided touching in his instructions upon the question of the Elector of Bavaria's demand of Sardinia, not knowing how far the pleasure of giving away kingdoms might transport his lordship.

The new ambassador had not much opportunity of displaying either his diplomatic dexterity or his indocility, but his mission enabled him to employ a remarkable man. As chaplain and secretary he took on Swift's recommendation Berkeley, the metaphysician and future Irish bishop. At his entrance into public life he had loved and befriended John Locke; it is pleasant to think that he used the concluding stage of his official career for the benefit of a still more subtle, though less solid, thinker. It is an injustice to posterity that no record is left of Peterborough's colloquies with either. With Berkeley for his companion, at the end of November he started for Paris,

where, during a fortnight's stay, he probably did his best to embarrass Bromley and Prior. Thence, after an introduction by Torcy to King Lewis, he proceeded by Toulon to Italy. In the absence of his equipage, which was coming round by sea, he was obliged to defer his solemn entry into Palermo, but characteristically anticipated it by a preliminary excursion from Genoa or Leghorn to Sicily in a little Maltese brig, accompanied only by a couple of servants. After a conference with the new King, which had no momentous consequences, he returned to the mainland till, on the arrival of his ambassadorial paraphernalia, he embarked once more, and was received in state as a newcomer. He wrote home an ample narrative of the rehearsal and of the incidental hardships and casualties, which proved his zeal. Lord Oxford sent it on to Prior that he might say what it all came to. Prior, not unmindful, perhaps, of the Paris visit, epitomised the heroic pilgrimage for the Prime Minister's edification. "Lord Peterborough is gone from Genoa in an open boat — that's one; three hundred miles by sea—that's two; he was forced ashore twenty times by tempests and majorkeens to lie among the rocks — that's — how many, my Lord Treasurer?"

It was not so much Peterborough's fault as his misfortune that he constantly had to emphasise or to inflate the business given him to perform. By the unkindness of fate a man endowed with faculties sufficient to have rearranged the globe was set tasks over which often it would have been most beneficial to his countrymen if he would or could have slept. But sleep he would not and could not. He was of a type which natures so unlike as

Godolphin's and Bolingbroke's despised, and others so unlike as Pope's, Swift's, Johnson's, Scott's, and Macaulay's found engaging and seductive. On the whole, it would have been better, and especially for the Catalans, if he had never captured Barcelona; it may even be, if he had not relieved it. His conquest of the kingdom of Valencia was like drawing water into a sieve. As Ambassador-Extraordinary in Italy he pursued the same process of doing busily what might as well have been let alone. He had the art of dictating to several amanuenses at once, and he practised it at King Victor's Court. Pope was assured by an eye-witness that he was seen walking round a room and instructing nine secretaries at once; probably, as his friend suggested, half the letters were trivialities; but the ambassador satisfied himself that he was a man of affairs in dreadful earnest. With Victor, who was a consummate schemer, he doubtless drafted and redrafted the map of Europe to their mutual satisfaction. At any rate, the King presented him with a gold watch in token of his gratitude for sympathy and encouragement to his ambition. Nothing else came of it, though perplexity to the Queen's Government might in due time have arisen if there had remained a Queen's Government to be perplexed. Such was the feverishness of domestic politics in the few months for which Peterborough represented Great Britain at Palermo, that nobody had leisure either to check or to be alarmed at his Sicilian proceedings or meditations. The one aim was to pacify and neutralise all subordinate agitations and agitators. Officially he was encouraged to believe his zeal was approved, by fair words and by his appointment in March, 1714, in supersession of the Duke of

Argyle, to the sinecure governorship of Minorca. With his diplomatic achievements authority did not trouble itself until Queen Anne died on August 1st. Then the Government of King George lost little time in recalling the Whig aversion of the Whigs, and on this occasion he accepted his dismissal without any show of rebelliousness. But in the eyes of Europe he was still a great personage. On his way home by Paris Torcy entertained him at dinner. The King ordered the fountains at Marly to be set working in his honour, keeping him by his side as he walked, and treating him "avec beaucoup de distinction." Yet he was hardly surprised to find himself a fallen star in England. The day after his return he presented himself at Court; he was very coldly received, and an order was sent to him forbidding his reappearance.

CHAPTER X

CONSOLATIONS OF HIS LEISURE—THE END

PETERBOROUGH'S career has been treated as closed at the accession of George the First. There was an end of him officially, but only officially. He still remained a conspicuous figure in contemporary life, both public and private, environed with romantic legends and a source of delightful possibilities. Nobody knew exactly what he had done, and nobody could predict what he might not do. His kind is rare in English history; and working statesmen of successive eras, the Somerses and the Godolphins, are to be congratulated on its scarcity. For the reader of history the apparition now and then is a boon. Peterborough's eccentric personality laid his contemporaries under an obligation still greater, as the curiosity with which they followed his gyrations testified. He kept their attention on the alert, and in multifarious directions, for twenty years after a Court and its counsellors had thought they had extinguished him.

He spoke in Parliament with vigour and independence. He resisted, or he supported the measures of Government on their merits alone. There was no more vehement opponent of the Septennial Bill, which he taxed the Whig ministers with having introduced in defiance of

Whig principles. The measure was rested on the danger of frequent elections when the adversaries of the Protestant Succession were as active as the rebellion of 1715 indicated. Lord Islay, Argyle's brother, taunted the opposition with its desire to avenge itself, by hampering public business, for the signs of royal favour to those who had ventured their lives on the King's side against the Pretender. Peterborough had faced Islay before in the House. Now, with a scoff at the Scotchman's prudent care of his person, he remarked that men who do not fight for a cause cannot die for it. He asked, moreover, what would be the position of the Scotch peers elected for a Triennial Parliament during the four years' extension? They would be, he craved pardon of the bishops for saying it, "neither made, nor created but proceeding." For himself, his affection for the Sovereign did not depend on the accident whether he were or were not in the Crown's actual service. If he was against the Bill, it simply was that he could not vote for a remedy which might cause a worse evil. Fighting on the same side with Addison, he advocated, both with vote and pen, Stanhope's and Sunderland's Peerage Bill, which was introduced on March 5th and dropped on April 14th, 1719. Walpole, who headed the resistance of the dissident Whigs, had printed against the measure *Thoughts of a Member of the Lower House;* Peterborough replied with *Remarks on the Thoughts.* His argument was that the measure wisely aimed at the curtailment of the royal prerogative of the creation of peers, in order to prevent the inundation of the Upper House by new lords for some temporary exigency. Whigs, he contended, ought to rejoice in any increase of

the independence of a branch of the Legislature. He ridiculed the fear that the change might enable the peers to toss the King and Commons in a blanket. The House of Lords, a small body mostly poor, representing nothing but themselves, had not enough inherent force to be formidable. It was a third estate only in imagination, a purgatory, added to heaven and hell, where the ultimate decrees of Providence were not altered but suspended and delayed. He denounced as accursed Papists in politics opponents who, perceiving the visible mistakes in judicious laws, yet refused to amend them. Towards the end of George the First's reign he assailed, as vehemently as he had defended the Peerage Bill, an endeavour by a clerical peer, Lord Willoughby de Broke, to banish immorality and dissent by penalties for disrespectful observations on the Thirty-Nine Articles. Although he was for a Parliamentary King, he had, he said, no desire for a Parliamentary God, or a Parliamentary religion. If the House declared for such an one, he should go to Rome and endeavour to be chosen a cardinal, for he would rather sit in the conclave than with their lordships on such terms. On March 29th, 1724, he spoke in favour of the Bill for the deprivation and banishment of Atterbury, the friend of many of his friends, Dr. John Freind among them, whom, however, he disliked as a Jacobite, and perhaps, too, as a bishop. Once more, in June, 1727, he lifted up his voice for the defence of Hanover. Let our circumstances be what they may, we ought, he argued, to exert ourselves for the honour and dignity of the crown, and defend the just rights of the nation. Though no subsequent speech by him in Parliament is chronicled, he did not cease to attend, and his

name is found in the list of peers present at debates as late as May, 1731.

Politics had their turn in his life, and only their turn. Now and again he amused himself with travel. In the autumn of 1717 he went for his health to Italy, where, according to his wont, he met with a remarkable adventure. The Pretender then resided at Urbano, near Bologna in the Papal States. Information had reached Pope Clement the Eleventh of a Protestant plot against the exile's life, and vigilance on his behalf had been strictly enjoined on the Cardinal Legate who governed the Romagna. Either chance or private malevolence directed to Peterborough, on his arrival at or near Bologna, the suspicion of two Irish Papal officers. They arrested him. He was interrogated, his papers were seized, and he was shut up in Fort Urbano. It was a proper though irregular chastisement for his speech of 1713. He had to establish his identity, and his rage did not expedite matters. Nearly a month elapsed before he was freed from restraint. By that time he had forgotten that he was an invalid, and hastened home, burning for revenge. He clamoured with pen and voice for amends; and when he, whom the Duc de St. Simon describes as being, whether "bien ou mal avec le gouvernement," always "craint et ménagé," had a real grievance it was not to be disregarded. Stanhope was in power, and though the old friendship had long been broken, took up his cause. Satisfaction was demanded. When the Pontifical Government demurred, the Mediterranean fleet was ordered to Civita Vecchia. Then the Pope gave way. He sought the mediation of a friendly State, with a confession that the Cardinal Legate had acted violently and unjustly. The legate was instructed

to pray through the admiral King George's forgiveness for having inconsiderately arrested a peer of Great Britain while travelling, and Great Britain and Peterborough graciously accepted the apology.

The accident did not prejudice Peterborough against foreign travel. He was again abroad for some time in 1719, and took part in an important political event. The ambition of Philip the Fifth and the ability of his minister, Cardinal Alberoni, threatened alike the Austrian dominions in Italy and the Orleans Regency. Though Byng's great naval victory had frustrated the Spanish designs upon Sicily the cardinal was not at the end of his means. In 1718 Peterborough had been supposed to be concerting some combination with respect to Spanish affairs with the Prince de Cellamare. In 1719, uninvited by Stanhope in England or by Dubois in France, he availed himself of an acquaintance with the Duke of Parma, the Queen of Spain's uncle, to procure the downfall of Alberoni. Travelling to Novi in Piedmont he met an agent of the Duke's and succeeded in convincing him that Alberoni's continuance in office was equally mischievous to Spain and Italy. He informed Stanhope and Dubois in November of all he had done, in his letter to Stanhope inveighing against the Emperor Charles's ingratitude for his Spanish services. The English and French ministers do not seem to have been much more grateful for the very considerable benefit he had now conferred in ridding Europe of Alberoni's schemes. Stanhope had been lately discoursing to Dubois on Peterborough's indiscretions, and Dubois had rejoined with predictions that he could do little good and might do much harm. They did not change their

note even when Alberoni was an exile. When next year the Earl once more was in France his presence was still unwelcome to Dubois, who wrote to Sir Luke Schaub accusing him of a pernicious habit of depreciating to Frenchmen the resources of England, to the injury of the Anglo-French alliance. Four or five years later he made a yet longer sojourn on the Continent. He passed the larger part of the two years 1725-27 abroad, wandering from place to place. "He can go," said Pope, "to any climate, but can never stay in any." No records of his eccentricities as he ran hither and thither have been preserved; but it may be doubted if silence imply discretion; such blank spaces in his biography are not rare. His tumultuous nature required occasional respites from the social Babel of London, as French ladies of the Regency used to go into retreat.

Society had no right to be surprised that he deserted it in 1725. By this time he had a second and young wife. He left her as deliberately as he had left the first, and with less excuse of public duties. Since his loss of official employment, and perhaps from the conclusion of his mission to Frankfort, he had been paying assiduous court to the famous singer, Anastasia Robinson. Her father, Thomas Robinson, was a portrait painter, of a good Leicestershire family, who had settled in Italy to study his art. His wife died, leaving him an only child Anastasia, and he then married a Roman Catholic widow named Lane, by whom he had another daughter. Both children were brought up Catholics, and received a musical training. After a long residence abroad the family returned to England about the commencement of 1713, by which time it had been

determined that Anastasia should adopt music as a profession. Her father, himself an accomplished musical amateur, had been forced by a disorder in the eyes which ended in blindness, to abandon portraiture. At first she confined herself to concerts at York Buildings, where she accompanied herself on the harpsichord. Her first appearance on the stage was on January 27th, 1714, in the opera of Creso. After her second appearance, as Ismina in Arminio, on March 4th, her position as prima donna was secured. Mrs. Delany had a long intimacy with her. As early as July, 1722, describing a water party, she regrets the absence of "Mrs. Robinson" from the entertainment, which "otherwise had been complete." Sixty-five years later she dictated some reminiscences of her charming friend to Dr. Burney, who printed them in his History of Music. According to her Anastasia possessed not beauty but elegance in figure and a winning softness of expression heightened by large blue eyes. She had good sense, amiability, and delicate sentiments, and her mind, without brilliancy of wit, was well balanced and cultivated. She spoke Italian with ease, and was versed in Italian literature. Kindly and modest, a devout though tolerant Catholic, the publicity of the stage and the importunities of gallants were hateful to her.

Her salary at the King's Theatre was £1000 for the season, and she derived about as much more from benefits and presents. Such an income was for those days very large. Her father was enabled to hire a house in Golden Square, where Bolingbroke had lived while Secretary of State, and to hold weekly musical assemblies there. Anastasia had many wooers, and

among them Peterborough, whose respectful courtesy, humour, and celebrity delighted her. Unlike some, he had never offended her by hinting at other relations, though for long he could not prevail on himself to marry a public singer. Finally conquered, the tradition runs, by her as Griselda in Buononcini's opera, he offered his hand in the spring of 1722. She accepted it, as the almost perfect Griselda she was, with his condition that their marriage should not be divulged till it was a more convenient time for him to make it known. The sole witness to the wedding is stated to have been the wife of Lord Harley, afterwards Countess of Oxford, the daughter-in-law of the ex-Lord Treasurer. The motives for the mystery can only be conjectured. Lord Halifax is said, though Sir David Brewster doubts it, to have married, and concealed his marriage with, Catherine Barton, the niece of Newton, in circumstances somewhat similar. Peterborough may have feared ridicule for the disparity of rank; of the disparity of age he would hardly be conscious. His principal reason for the concealment of the true nature of his new tie, though after the experience of his former union he need scarcely have been afraid of the restraints of recognised wedded life, is more likely to have been a desire to retain the full liberty of a bachelor. There was a fashion of treating marriage as a counsel of despair, according to Peterborough's own threat, in a letter from Hanover in 1711, that, if the political prospect went on darkening, he should marry in a rage and become the hero of the October club. For a year or more the lady even continued on the stage. In 1723 the opera company was performing at Bath during the

season, when the Italian singer, Senesino, a public favourite from 1721 to 1735, insulted her at a morning rehearsal. She appealed to Peterborough, who was near at hand. Boiling with rage at the affront to his unacknowledged wife he publicly caned the offender, who understood his station too well to struggle with a lord, and was compelled to beg Anastasia's pardon on his knees. Senesino never had too much courage; it is recorded that a piece of machinery having tumbled upon the stage in this same year, as he happened to be boasting, in the character of Julius Cæsar, that he never knew what fear was, he lost his voice from the fright and fell to crying. The present affair became the town talk, and Philip Stanhope, afterwards better known as Earl of Chesterfield, being reported to have jested on Peterborough as an old Don Quixote, received forthwith a challenge. A duel was averted by the arrest of both, who were bound over to keep the peace. To guiltless Anastasia the consequences were more serious. Scurrilous tongues were loosened. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who possessed one of the most merciless, wrote to her sister, Lady Mar: "Would any one believe that Miss Robinson is at the same time a prude and a kept mistress?" The innuendoes were wholly false; but they were not on that account less eagerly circulated, or less cruelly painful to their subject. Her operatic supremacy seems to have been already threatened by the arrival in England of the Italian Cuzzoni, and the affair with Senesino decided her. She quitted the stage. Shortly afterwards her father, for whose sake she had persisted in following her profession, died, and her half-sister, Margaret, who, with yet finer musical gifts and a yet

more unconquerable shyness, had been also trained for a professional singer by Buononcini, was married to a brother of Dr. Arbuthnot. Mrs. Robinson and Anastasia now moved to Fulham to be near Peterborough, but unless Sir John Hawkins, whose statement is opposed to the better information of Dr. Burney, be right, they never were inmates of the mansion at Parson's Green. They resided in a house of their own, with a son of Mrs. Robinson by her previous marriage, Mr. Lane, a Catholic priest, to act as their chaplain. Anastasia frequented Peterborough House, but rather as a guest than as its mistress. Her husband permitted her to hold there her musical parties, — her musical academy, according to the expression of Sir John Hawkins, — at which she was assisted by Buononcini, Martini, Tosi, and Greene. Only for the Earl's very intimate friends was she his wife. For the world he was so absolutely disengaged that his obligations to her never seem to have occurred either to Mrs. Howard or to him, as lending an additional zest or calling for an apology in the extraordinary correspondence between him and that lady.

He had diversified his first and open trial of wedded life with frequent and violent amours, unless, as is quite possible, he be grievously calumniated by himself. He relieved his second and morganatic marriage with a genteel gallant comedy, which lasted for years, was scarcely interrupted by the distractions of foreign travel — one elaborate epistle is from Amsterdam — and was indisputably and solemnly decorous to the end. The precise date of the commencement of the correspondence is unknown. In the August of 1723 Mrs. Howard wrote to

Gay to ask his assistance in corresponding with "a man of wit," of whom she owned herself afraid. She enclosed a letter she had received. At the same time she intimated a wish that Gay would conceal his help, as her friend might be wrathful if he learnt it. Perhaps Peterborough suspected. He may have hinted his knowledge with some irony in his eulogy upon a fair lady who makes use of her own admirable understanding, not ladylike giving up her reason and poorly submitting her judgment to those guides who commonly manage their pretensions with as much self-interest and as little honesty as South Sea directors. How far Gay really helped cannot be traced. Of Mrs. Howard's letters rough draughts in her hand are extant; nothing in the hand of Gay has been found. Thackeray, who for effect adds several years to Peterborough's real age when he speaks of him as an indomitable youth of seventy, has characterised the courtship as a combination of bows, vows, sighs, and ogles, etiquette and raptures. It was also interspersed with verses. Peterborough's father had versified sixty years before; and Pepys, no bad judge, remarked of lines by him,—"Lord! they are sorry things; only, a lord made them." Peterborough had tried, without much more success, if the Muse de Cavalier, attributed also to Lord Cutts, and Verses on the Duchess of Marlborough, addressed to Mr. Harley after his removal from Court, be his. A poem in his correspondence with Mrs. Howard panegyrising the

> "Wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
> Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season,"

stands on a different level. Thackeray extols it for its

truth as well as grace. It has a facility and vigour which entitle it to a better fate than to be described in anthologies as a Song by a Person of Quality.

The prose in the correspondence is less supportable. The present age has lost the faculty of taking interest in the contrasts of beauteous female rakes with the Amorets capable of inspiring "a true respectful tenderness, and a kind of awe, which has the effect of opium in moderating passion;" of Englishwomen, whom a declaration offends, with Spanish ladies who, "from the queen down to the maid of honour, all accept of a profession of love with a decent gratitude, never pretending to scorn or reprove, but refusing with thanks;" and of "fair devils" who haunt and torment the lover wherever he goes, with the ugly whom, as Peterborough with perfect honesty assures his representative of the beauteous type, he can easily forget. But critics of the forty voluminous letters have no business to declaim against them for their tediousness. They were not invited to read them. Peterborough, though very possibly he did not expect to be obeyed, had emphatically cautioned Mrs. Howard not to show them, and she had promised to observe the injunction sacredly. He had his own motive for worrying his fancy during all these years; he was keeping his hand in. Lord Macaulay would in his declining age set his memory tremendous tests to assure himself that it kept its tenacity. Peterborough by an analogous instinct desired at sixty or seventy to ascertain that he had not lost his amatory cunning. He wished to prove to himself, much more than to Mrs. Howard,—whose duty, whether to her husband or to her royal lover,

if indeed she ever had a royal lover, he never thought of undermining,—that he was as irresistible as in the days when he entered Valencia in triumph amidst languishing beauties. He was pleased to think himself so dangerous that he had to plot for a moment's audience with a lady he affected to love, and possessed of feelings still so ardent as to "tremble when I approach your door." It answered Mrs. Howard's purpose at thirty-nine to be the mark he aimed at. Her vanity was gratified, as she demonstrated by the preservation of the correspondence she had intimated she would suppress: her own wits were not too severely taxed, with Gay to prompt her effusions; and she felt entirely secure in the uninflammable temper of her own heart. Probably she was able to borrow for use in Leicester Square and at Kew from "the experiences of one not wholly ignorant of nature," who had studied it among the dames of Paris, readier to share bottles of champagne than hearts, who had explored its varieties in idle engagements at Venice and among the complaisant damsels of Valencia and Catalonia, and of whose manifold errant loves she heard the confessions with a pleased if rather incredulous horror. Of the intrinsic literary merits of the correspondence it is hard to judge dispassionately, chiefly because it is impossible for us to endure discussions on love in which there is no heart. To this age all without distinction seems the silliest superannuated philandering. From the modern point of view it is as much a waste of energy to censure one letter as wearisome, a second as dull, a third or a thirtieth as both dull and profane, and all as not very creditable, as to damn with

faint praise one as long-winded but half satirical and amusing, and another as the least stupid of the series. For the latter end of the nineteenth century there can be no real difference of degrees in tediousness between Peterborough's profound bows and the lady's responsive curtsies, in some of which civil commentators have detected a playful discreetness and even brilliancy. In Peterborough's elderly days dissertations on love were the common material of polite conversation. They had nothing to do with real love, whether refined or gross, any more than scholastic theology in its later stages had to do with the art of life and death. The fine gentleman learnt the system as he learnt in boyhood to write Latin verse at Westminster, as a youth to manœuvre with Aldrichian logic at Oxford, as a courtier to thrust and parry at the fencing-school. It was an accomplishment like the rest. A gentleman and lady of quality could not meet for half an hour in a drawing-room without falling to amœbæan coquetry, hammer and tongs. For their contemporaries, Peterborough's and Chloe Howard's

"Wit, so genteel, without art, without care,"

must have been a model of delicate vivacity. Doubtless, without prejudice to the heroine's sacred observation of his lordship's equally sincere caution of concealment, it provoked the periodical admiration, envy, and jealousy of whole parloursful of dames and cavaliers.

Peterborough, who at sixty-five was at least as juvenile as Mrs. Howard at thirty-nine, did not choose to let an accident like his threescore years forbid him the pleasure

of the exercise of his mental gymnastics. If it pleased him to forget his age, it is very officious of strangers like posterity to insist upon remembering it in and out of season. In general he loved to vanquish obstacles, age included. He loved to be talked of, and he loved a diversity of experiences and objects. He mocked at social laws, and he was eager to have society on his side. When it is considered how largely he was permitted to indulge his caprices, it is surprising he was not more unbearable and insolent than he seems to have been. Many of the stories told of him are probably fables. We are not, for example, obliged to believe the monstrous narrative of a quarrel between him and Voltaire, which was first printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1797. Voltaire admired the famous Earl, whom, a quarter of a century after the date of the imaginary occurrence, he compares with the paladins of romance, in his *Siècle de Louis XIV*. He lauds his heroism and his generosity, and had experienced the latter quality during a long visit, about 1728, to Parson's Green. At the time the Earl, according to this foolish story, had engaged him to write some work, vaguely described as important, and understood that all had been arranged by him for its publication. He supplied funds from time to time to defray the cost of printing. The publisher received from Voltaire an instalment of £10, and part of the work was put in type; but when the latter tried to induce the man to proceed by the assurance that Peterborough refused any further payment till the whole was printed, the suspicious or impecunious publisher stopped the press. Finally, arriving at Parson's Green after dinner, he saw in the garden Peterborough, who learnt how both had been

defrauded. At the instant of the disclosure Voltaire appeared at the end of a long avenue. In a fit of boiling rage Peterborough drew upon him, and would have run him through had not he fled and hidden himself in the village. Next day he hurried to London, and thence, leaving behind him hat, portmanteau, and papers, he almost immediately returned to the Continent. The whole tale clearly is an invention designed to establish the necessary connection between the scepticism of "odious devils" like Voltaire and knavery in business. The sole fragment of truth in it is the circumstance that Voltaire, at a period when he was in poor circumstances, was befriended by Peterborough.

The story of the persecution of the dancing-master or actor is scarcely more credible. Everybody has heard how Peterborough, as he was driving along the Strand on a wet day, saw an actor or, as one version of the story has it, a dancing-master, picking his way in gay dress and pearl-coloured silk stockings through the deep mud. In a freak of mad malicious humour out he dashed, sword in hand, at the frightened pedestrian, whose flight he directed among the miriest puddles. When he was tired of the chase he quietly returned to his chariot and resumed his course as if nothing had happened. If the tale were not merely invented as a pendant to the Senesino anecdote its date is much more likely to have been the reign of Charles the Second than of George the First; but the popular license for extravagant behaviour to which it points had accompanied Peterborough throughout his career. He used it to the utmost in age as in youth. He who had once been the finest of fine gentlemen, disdaining the edicts of

fashion, wore boots in the Pump room, to the amusement rather than the anger of Bath. He would do his own marketing. Lady Hervey, once "sweet Molly Lepel," wrote to Mrs. Howard from Bath in June, 1725: "Lord Peterborough has been here some time, though by his dress one would believe he had not designed to make any stay, for he wears boots all day, and, as I hear, must do so, having brought no shoes with him. It is a comical sight to see him with his blue ribbon and star and a cabbage under each arm, or a chicken in his hand, which, after he himself has purchased at market, he carries home for his dinner." At Peterborough House he was wont, according to Sir John Hawkins and other authorities, to preside in the kitchen as well as act the host. He had learnt the master art in Spain, where he used to say he had often wanted for food, and oftener for a cook to dress it. An hour before dinner he would quit his guests for the kitchen, slip on a tavern cook's dress, and as the dishes were being brought in resume his proper place. The foundation of the Beefsteak Club is attributed to this propensity of his to escape from the trammels of his station. His hearty enjoyment of a steak cooked on a gridiron for the dinner of George Lambert, the landscape and scene-painter, as he went on with his work in the painting-room of Covent Garden Theatre, is alleged to have suggested its establishment. As, however, the theatre was not built till 1732, he can hardly have been an habitual frequenter, apart from the troublesome circumstance that Lambert was not appointed scene-painter to the theatre till 1736, when Peterborough had been dead a year.

His nature was to court and affront public opinion.

Swift quotes or imagines a set of characters of conspicuous courtiers of Queen Anne, drawn in conformity with popular report, that from behind the shield of the anonymous scribe he may less invidiously shoot his own sharp comments. In the group is a sketch of Peterborough, for which he vouches as for the most part true: "He affects popularity; loves to preach in coffee-houses and public places, and is an open enemy of revealed religion; is brave in his person, has a good estate, and does not seem expensive, yet is always in debt and very poor." The "well-shaped thin man, with a very brisk look," was seen everywhere. Now he was flitting about the Continent. Then he was in Norfolk, contrasting the prodigies of Houghton with his cottage which had put the public to no expense. At another time he was visiting Lord Cobham and admiring his stately Sacharissa, as he denominates the palace and gardens of Stowe. He had listened to Penn preaching Quakerism, for it was his habit, he said, to be polite to all religions, though he did not wish to believe in the dogmas of one. The impression produced upon him by a visit to Fénélon at Cambrai had a little agitated his indifference; and he wrote to Locke that he feared, if he stayed longer in so pious an atmosphere, he might grow pious too. He exchanged theological doubts with Voltaire, but was courteous to the Church of England in deference to the Dean of St. Patrick's. He knew that George the First did not understand, and did not admire, his bird-witted character, but he paid his homage periodically at the palace. Any coldness with which he was received was compensated at the rival court of the Prince of Wales in Leicester House.

There he was so familiar that he could speak of hours of conversation with the Princess, and of discretionary access to her private apartment. On the Prince's accession as George the Second he remained a favourite. His influence, such as it was, would scarcely be affected injuriously by the new King's reconciliation with Walpole, for he and Walpole had fallen into a habit of some degree of intimacy. When Swift was passing part of the spring and summer of 1726 in London, Peterborough was able, as a common friend, to arrange for an interview, on April 27th, between him and the minister on the grievances of Irishmen, or rather of the English colony in Ireland. Swift drew up next morning an account of the conversation in the shape of a letter to Peterborough, to be given by him to Walpole. Apparently in the course of the summer a second conference, to as little effect, was held between Swift and Walpole, again through Peterborough's mediation. When the Dean came over in 1727, at the commencement of the new reign, Peterborough once more intervened to bring him and Walpole together. Peterborough indeed had long patched up a decorous measure of amity with the Whig junto, though he never returned to its ranks. For instance, the Government was in May, 1722, willing to grant him, and he was willing to accept from it, promotion from the rank he had attained in 1707 of General of Marines, to that of General of all the Marine Forces of Great Britain, and the commission was renewed on the accession of George the Second. He had been left undisturbed in his command of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, conferred upon him by Queen Anne. In both characters of general and colonel he performed his

duties as a servant of the new dynasty loyally and scrupulously. Letters are preserved which show how carefully he attended to points of regimental discipline.

The offices were probably lucrative, but they did not set him above financial worries. Throughout his career he was, as Swift intimates, constantly involved in debt. He was in difficulties after the Fenwick incident cost him his places. By his own account he added to them by supplying the wants of his troops in Spain out of his own resources; and Marlborough believed he was very ill off when he quitted Spain. He could save nothing out of the allowances for the embassies to which Oxford and Bolingbroke appointed him. King George's Treasury kept him waiting for sums due on their account. His contingent charges, £700, were not paid before August, 1715, and £1579, for extraordinary disbursements and table money, not till July, 1717. Probably he had long previously anticipated the receipt of these arrears. He was a bad manager of his private means, and could be pillaged with impunity. Though the allusion is not to be accepted as literally historical, there must have been a foundation for Swift's ironical advice to stewards to imitate Lord Peterborough's, who pulled down his master's house, sold the materials, and then charged him with the repairs. His chief share in the great Mordaunt inheritance, when his uncle's death left him head of the family, was a burdensome litigation. His uncle devised the Northamptonshire property of Drayton and all else at his disposal to his only child, Mary, Duchess of Norfolk. In 1700, after Peterborough's imprisonment, the Duke had obtained a divorce without opposition from him. In 1701 the Duke died,

and Lady Mary, since her father's death Baroness Beauchamp and Mordaunt, was married to Sir John Germaine. During her life Peterborough sued for the family estates. Only a fragment, with an income much less, it may be presumed, than the £4000 a year at which Luttrell puts it, had descended to him with the earldom. A jury in the Queen's Bench brought in a verdict in November, 1702, adverse to his main claim, though it admitted his right to some lay impropriations. He appealed, and his cousin's title was confirmed by the House of Lords in 1703. She died in November, 1705, and Peterborough became fourteenth Baron Beauchamp and eighth Baron Mordaunt. His invariable belief was that all the lands of Drayton, valued at £70,000, should have come to him as heir-at-law. She devised them to her husband, Sir John, a debauched gambler. So ignorant and devoid of taste was he that, according to Lady Suffolk, when he was erecting a colonnade he originally had the pillars placed upside down in the belief that the capitals were pedestals. It was the more irritating that the ancestral home of the Mordaunts, described by Horace Walpole at intervals of twenty years as a venerable heap of ugliness with many curious bits, and as the most grotesquely charming mansion in England, should have been thrown away on such a creature. With renewed energy Peterborough resumed proceedings. The House of Lords again decided against him on February 24th, 1710. Shifting his attack to a part of the property which had not been touched by this action, he continued his useless contest, and desisted only on Sir John's death in 1718. He had declared that if Germaine

left the estate to his second wife, Lady Betty, daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, he would abandon the struggle. The event came to pass. As Lady Betty, Horace Walpole's "divine old mistress of the dear old place," wrote to Swift, "he kept his word like an honourable man."

Peterborough's favourite residence in his later years was a house near Southampton on the mound called Bevis or Bevois Mount, or Mount Bevis, which the legend says Sir Bevis threw up to stop the Danes from crossing the Itchen. It was, as he describes it, a wild romantic cottage overlooking Itchen Ferry. He hired it on lease at £14 a year. Though the house was pulled down some seventy years ago, the grounds, till the speculative builder lately pounced upon them and turned the spot into Bevois Town, preserved considerable natural charms. They were at their best at high water, when the tide forms a bay at the foot of the mound. So proud was Peterborough of the effect that he would not suffer strangers to look over the pretty wilderness he had adorned with shrubs and trees unless the river were at its height. He adorned his "Blenheim" by hanging over the garden gates, as Pope has sung, old flags and guns, which, he boasted, were his only Spanish spoils. Both there and at Parson's Green he gathered round him friends and admirers. He had lost many, and some he only remembered, or was remembered by, to the increase of reciprocal ill-will. There was Duchess Sarah, with whom, as perhaps with her husband also, he had preserved a semblance of familiarity, though he had sneered at and declaimed against him, and had versified against her. When the Duke died in 1722 Peterborough

was one of the ten peers who acted as assistants to the three chief mourners at the magnificent obsequies. He went on visiting the Duchess notwithstanding the controversy of 1711. She did not decline his visits or his compliments, requiting herself for her enforced civilities by an endorsement on an old high-flown letter from him: "This lord since the Queen's death comes to me and talks as if he had always been in our interest and of our opinion." There was Stanhope, whom as a general he had severely criticised and condemned. There was the Harley-St. John combination of statesmen, with whom he had been temporarily allied on terms of common hostility to others: "I love them"—which may be doubted—"and I hate their enemies," as he said very sincerely. Between them and him there was no surviving link after the Queen's death had ruined them as a party. The connection had on neither side been extremely cordial while it lasted, notwithstanding the efforts of the two leaders to give their alliance with Peterborough, as with all their associates, the character of a family compact. Pope speaks of Bolingbroke, in particular, and Peterborough as wholly unlike; but rather their mental resemblance may have been somewhat too close for mutual amiability. They felt their wits pitted against one another. A boisterous goodwill and affected admiration covered something of jealousy as well as contemptuousness on the one side, and of wrath at being held in a leash on the other. For Peterborough the dissolution of one political league did not mean the formation of another. After the accession of George the First he mingled only casually in party feuds, and belonged to no party even intermittingly.

But he had never been wholly dependent either for happiness or for occupation on political connections and the importance they gave. When they failed him he was able to fall back upon the representatives of other and less capricious interests. In their company he has come down to posterity with a brilliancy scarcely inferior to that with which he shone in his own day.

He had always been a patron of letters, as Dryden's gratitude testifies. He had the good taste to value his nobility and estate for the admittance they gave him among the wits. Sensible as he was of the advantages of birth and position, he used them in his relations with men of high intelligence only for the flattering purpose of rendering himself acceptable. To them he was faithful, if he were false to statesmen, kings, mistresses, and conquerors. He was on familiar terms with the literary companionship in general, from the illustrious Dryden to Mrs. Manley, the notorious authoress of the *New Atalantis*. But Swift and, in later years, Pope were his warm friends. He had known Swift before he went to Spain. His apology for his resistance to the Occasional Conformity Bill in 1703 shows how he then valued his respect. Swift has recorded that they renewed their acquaintance at Harley's house in October, 1710, when the Earl grew mightily fond of him. The liking was cemented at a supper given in the following November by Peterborough to Prior, Lewis, Freind, and Swift, who pronounced his host the ramblingest lying rogue on earth; but that, as when he spoke of him as a hangdog whom he loved dearly, was his fashion of evincing admiration. He notes how Peterborough truly predicted two months before

Brihuega that Stanhope would lose Spain. In July, 1711, he dilates on the great things he verily believes Peterborough had done diplomatically in Savoy and at Vienna, though the success of his negotiations militated against the peace which he violently opposed and Swift desired. He was alarmed at the rumours of Peterborough's death, and the certainty of his illness, at Frankfort, in October, 1711, and exclaims that "we love one another mightily." Long afterwards he gratefully wrote that the Earl always remembered to do kindnesses, and never gave him time to ask a favour. He asks in 1732 for a letter that he may have the pleasure in his scoundrel country of going about and showing his depending parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborough.

With Pope Peterborough's intimacy was constant during the later years of his life. He admired the genius of the poet, though "a respectable intelligencer, who had it from Lord Peterborough," told Mr. Tyers that Peterborough did not think his friend Pope so good nor so great a poet as Dryden. He liked the man. Parson's Green and Twickenham are not very far apart, and the poet often was Peterborough's guest at Fulham, as well as sometimes in Bolton Street. They wrote to one another when they were separated. Peterborough's share in the correspondence shows his prose to greater advantage, at all events according to the taste of the nineteenth century, than in the Howard correspondence. Letter-writing is the single form of composition in which literary taste in an amateur need not fear competition on equal terms with the same quality in the professional author, and Peterborough certainly had the art.

To Pope's taste his letters were rather too gay and wandering for a statesman; but as we read them we can understand that they would put the poet on his mettle, and his replies are among the most carefully polished in his correspondence. They were carefully kept, and after the Earl's death they seem to have been collected and deposited at Dodsley's shop in Pall Mall. The Duchess of Portland referred in 1737 to an order which Lady Peterborough had given to Mr. Dodsley to deliver to her, for perusal by Mrs. Delany, "the book of letters in quarto, or large folio, as she pleases. A. Pope. All in his own hand." The friendship was proof against two tempers, each explosive. Pope was tolerant if his senior uttered a sharp word, and Peterborough could gracefully ask grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day. He was not the less content with Pope's affection that he knew it was shared with men who, he thought, had played him false, like Bolingbroke, or whose projects he hated, like those of Atterbury. He drilled the vines and quincunx in the grounds of the Twickenham villa as energetically as if he had been marshalling legions for the conquest of Spain. He even mediated, and with temporary success, between the poet and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Their relations were so cordial that for Pope Anastasia bore her rightful title of Lady Peterborough long before the world gave it her, and he could invite himself to be of the company on the occasion of a naval review at Portsmouth in that year. This may have been the expedition, when, as he told Swift some years after, he went with Peterborough two leagues out to sea, to try if he could sail without sickness, and nearly died of the experiment. When in

1732 Pope was appointed an examiner at Winchester School, or, according to another account, joined Peterborough in offering prizes for English verse, he set as the subject "The Campaign of Valencia." He was Peterborough's guest at Bevis Mount, and together they went to the prize distribution. In the following year he was at Bevis Mount for three weeks in the autumn, and again in the following summer. He was the depositary of Peterborough's murmurs at the inconclusiveness of an invertebrate career in which, "whenever he had been fool enough to take pains, he had always met with some will able to undo his labours." To him was communicated the very superfluous confession that, notwithstanding the study of Barclay's *Apology for the Quakers*, he found, after a stroke given on the left, he could not offer the right cheek for another blow. Peterborough cared sufficiently for Pope's favourable judgment, and relied sufficiently upon it, to endeavour to persuade him that he himself was a rural philosopher, rejoicing to write to the poet upon the side of a wheelbarrow, while the farmeress at Bevis corresponded from the haycock; that for him, as he was situated, it was a virtue to be a loiterer, a worshipper of the goddess Laziness; and that, if he no longer laboured to reform national vices and wrongs, it was simply because he had toiled so long and strenuously at the task as to have proved that the endeavour was unavailing.

Had he been less indomitably juvenile in temper he might have pleaded physical infirmities as a perfect excuse for standing aside. His constitution had been seriously injured by the carriage accident in 1711. He had travelled in the summer of 1717 in quest of health, and his absence on the Continent between 1725 and 1727 prob-

ably had the same motive. His sufferings became more acute, from stone in the bladder, with advancing age. From an allusion in a letter of 1730, when he had been exceedingly ill, it may be inferred that he neglected to apply remedies. In 1732 he was for several days in extremities, and in the next year Pope wrote to Swift that he had narrowly escaped death. Early in 1735 he was advised that an operation offered the only chance of life, after which he must, they said, winter in the south of Europe. The crisis had a happy result in one way. He had long been dependent on his wife for the sunshine of domestic existence, though to the world she had never yet been introduced under her rightful title. He esteemed it a concession that, to obtain her attendance as his sick nurse when he was lying racked with pain at Mount Bevis, without subjecting her presence in his house to odious misconstructions, he had permitted her to wear her wedding-ring; but still she had not been allowed by him to use his name. She had not travelled with him, and she could not now accompany him abroad unless as his wife. As the recognition had to be, he had the grace to determine that it should be made at once. He would not leave her fair fame to the dubious chance of his escape with life from the surgeon's knife. In spite of the uncontrollable temper and high opinion of his own actions, which rendered him, in Mrs. Delany's opinion, "a very awful husband," he loved Anastasia tenderly, and sincerely admired her purity, dignity, and devotion. He formed his resolution in the spring of 1735, and carried it out in conformity with his general view that everything affecting him was matter of historical interest. Mr. Stephen Pointz, tutor to Prince William, the future

hero or butcher of Culloden, had rooms over the gateway of St. James's Palace. He had married Peterborough's niece, and Peterborough borrowed the apartment. To it he summoned all his near relatives, who found there Anastasia. When they were assembled he addressed them in a set discourse. He described an ideal woman, a charming companion, a guardian angel in sickness. Long years since it had been his happiness to win, and he had ever rejoiced in winning, such a woman for his wife. His shame was to have omitted, from unpardonable vanity, to acknowledge her. Then turning to her, all unconscious as she had been of the meaning of the gathering, he took her by the hand and presented her to his kinsfolk as the Countess of Peterborough. Overwhelmed with the tardy announcement she fainted, and was borne inanimate from the room.

Soon after this scene they were formally remarried at Bristol. He had executed a will securing her the enjoyment of the Parson's Green house and Bevis Mount. But want of evidence of the first marriage threatened difficulties. The clergyman who had read the service was dead, as also was Lady Oxford, the sole witness. He may have been unable to give a life interest in the Parson's Green property unless under a power in the family settlement to endow a wife; the surest outlet from the perplexity was to go through the rite again. Apparently they had gone to Bristol in reliance on the skill of a local surgeon, St. André, for the performance of an operation which, with the indifferent instruments and uncertain dexterity of the period, was a hundredfold more perilous than at present. Tradition has embellished the narrative with a recital of the

patient's scornful rejection of the offer of the surgeon to fasten him down—to bind a Mordaunt!—from dread of his struggles under the terrible pain. With his usual restlessness the next day he drove, in defiance of his doctors, to Bath. If the story be true of the manner in which he published his marriage to Bath society by calling aloud in the Rooms for the Countess of Peterborough's chair, he must have made the acknowledgment on his way either from or to Bristol. From Bath he returned to Bevis Mount, in haste to conclude the arrangement of his affairs, and to prepare for his continental journey. His original intention had been to go to France, to Lyons at least, if not beyond. He had provided himself with a yacht, in which he meant to sail across the Channel, and he had been diligently annotating Burnet's *History*. In France, besides health, he hoped to collect information which might enable him to correct the bishop's scandalous misrepresentations, as he accounted them—mere coffee-house gossip, as they appeared to Swift. He wished in particular, he said, to justify Queen Anne from the imputation of intending to bring in the Pretender. This, he told Pope, to his knowledge neither her ministers, Oxford and Bolingbroke, nor she had ever designed. In the meantime he was busy enough at Bevis Mount with other things besides political controversies. He had much legal business to transact. He was solicitous to finish the buildings and gardens at the Mount for her, to whom, he admitted, he had obligation beyond words, to enjoy after him. He desired above all things to impress the circle he was about to quit with a due sense of the lustre and force of the luminary it was about to lose.

With Mrs. Howard, now Lady Suffolk, our fair shepherdess, as he called her, he had never ceased to maintain a correspondence, still tender, though its warmth had gradually been somewhat mitigated. He saw no cause in his avowal of the legal claims of his wife to abjure literary devotion to her, nor do the two ladies seem to have seen any. He wrote to her in July, from Bevis Mount, in high praise of a life he had been reading of Julian the Apostate, by the Abbé de la Bléterie, which had appeared in 1735. "With what majesty does the Emperor meet his fate! Showing how a soldier, how a philosopher, how a friend of Lady Suffolk's, ought, only with juster notions of the Deity, to die. The lady, the book, or both together, have brought me almost into a raving way; I want to make an appointment with you, Mr. Pope, and a few friends more, to meet upon the summit of my Bevis Hill; and thence, after a speech and a tender farewell, I shall take my leap towards the clouds, as Julian expresses it, to mix amongst the stars; but I make my bargain for a very fine day, that you may see my last amusements to advantage."

Pope stayed twice in 1735 at Bevis Mount. The first visit was paid before the operation. He arrived at dusk, and was delighted by Peterborough's vivacity, which seemed to prove a renewal of health; but when candles were brought in he started to find him looking more like a ghost than a living creature. The second visit was at the latter end of August, when he was vividly impressed by the same contrast between a body, than which none could be more wasted, and a soul, than which none could be more alive. He dilated

upon it in a letter of August 25th to Miss Martha Blount. Peterborough talked, though in a weak voice, with such spirit and warmth of his plans for the woman he loved, and for the vindication of historical accuracy from perversions like Burnet's, that he might have been supposed to be much recovered. He had with him day after day not only all his relations, but every creature of the town of Southampton who pleased to come. Pope, however, occupied the next bedroom at night, and heard him cry hourly for help. In the morning he fainted twice in the garden; yet he sat at dinner with ten people, the gayest of them all. A quarter of an hour's agony followed. Then he was carried again into the garden, where he declaimed against existing ministers and great men, and the decay of public spirit and honour. Pope pitied the poor woman who had to share in all he suffered, and who could in no one thing persuade him to spare himself. He may not have altogether disagreed with Mrs. Delany's verdict upon Peterborough, considered matrimonially; but he admired the genius, the fire, the courage. "It is impossible to conceive how much his heart is above his condition. He is dying every hour, and obstinate to do whatever he has a mind to; a man never born to die like other men, any more than to live like them." He was aware that he was dying, and believed that he was bidding farewell for ever to the friends who gathered around him. To Pope, at his departure, he gave the watch which Victor Amadeus, of Savoy, Sicily, Sardinia, had bestowed upon him. His friend would now, he said, have something to put him every day in mind of him.

He had abandoned the project of a journey through

France, and, hesitating between Lisbon and Naples, consulted Spence, the travelled compiler of the *Anecdotes*. He was then at Kensington, and though he appeared to have no more than half a dozen days of life left in him, he rose from bed to dine with Spence and others. Shortly after he made up his mind for Portugal, and his wife and he drove again to Bristol, to take ship. Pope hesitated whether he should not make the voyage with them to help to nurse his friend; but the two went alone. They reached Lisbon, and there, where the career by which he is remembered in history began, on October 25th, six days after his arrival, Peterborough died.

His best friend watched by his pillow, almost sacrificing her life to his. She came back to England with her husband's body, which lies buried, without a memorial, in the Mordaunt vault under the chancel of Turvey church. The rest of her eighty-eight years were spent chiefly at Bevis Mount, diversified only by the exchange of occasional visits with Lady Oxford's daughter, the Duchess of Portland, at Bulstrode. That her right to the entire esteem of the class she had entered by marriage was never disputed is apparent from the correspondence of the duchess, who writes of her to others as "a very dear friend, which is Lady Peterborow." It is as evident from the emphatic testimony of Mrs. Delany. Her husband's grandson and successor in his peerages named his daughter after her. The only act she ever committed for which any will be disposed to blame her is the suppression of her husband's memoirs. Mrs. Delany told Dr. Burney he had in his youth kept a journal in which he narrated

minutely his eccentricities of thought and behaviour, and this he incorporated in three manuscript volumes of autobiographical notes compiled by him in his later years. The collection, according to Mrs. Delany, included confessions so compromising to the writer's reputation that Lady Peterborough burned it. An annotator of Burney's History of Music quotes a statement by a Lady B., who says she had seen the work, to the effect that in it Peterborough boasted he had committed three capital crimes before he was twenty. The boast is very likely; it was his way, for his romances no more spared himself than his foes. Mrs. Howard, who also had read the reminiscences in manuscript, had learnt to allow for a lively imagination, and does not seem to have been as appalled by them as Lady B., or even Lady Peterborough. Perhaps Peterborough included among his capital offences his pursuit of a dancing-master with drawn sword, and the breaking into a landlady's bar to steal a tame canary. At all events, in the judgment of amiable Mrs. Delany, the holocaust "contributed to complete the excellence of the widow's principles." She allows at the same time that it did not fail to give offence to the curious inquirers after anecdotes of so remarkable a character.

The lost memoirs would have been amusing, though they might not have been edifying. They could scarcely have cleared up many of the doubts as to Peterborough or his acts. There are men who enter the region of legend while they are yet living, and he was one of them. Acts and intentions, as they issued from the red-hot cauldron of his career or of his fancy, turned into vapour. The

world has long made up its mind that all connected with him must be licensed as romance, and nobody has ever dared or cared to treat him and his achievements as entirely serious. He has been measured by a special standard applicable to heroes of historical novels. There has been no alternative; for his biography was and remains sown throughout with debatable performances and debatable motives. Posterity and his contemporaries have been equally at a loss to decide which of a hundred circumstantial particulars told of him are facts and which are fictions. Was he a profligate of the dye of Rochester and Buckingham, or a kind and faithful husband? Did he forge the letters to M. Coutenay? Did he perjure himself at Fenwick's trial? Was his object to tear a veil from the eyes of his deceived sovereign or to trip up inconvenient rivals? Did he conceive the capture of Montjuich or, cuckoo-like, steal into a manœuvre another had devised? Did he play the game of war with chessmen or with dice? Was he a greedy peculator, or did he fight his country's battles half at his own cost? Was he the conqueror of Valencia, or did others do the work and he wear the laurels? Did he lie to Mahoni, or did he lie when he said he lied? Did he or Leake relieve Barcelona by sea? Did he or Cifuentes and Prince Henry guard it by land and rout the besiegers? Did he, or did he not, provide for King Charles a safe and short road to Madrid, with a certain crown at its end? Were the Campillo tragedy and his vengeance inventions? Were the Charing Cross canary, the fair lady of Huete, the truant nuns of Valencia, the bevies of adoring dames, Parisians, Spaniards, and Venetians, all creatures

of imagination? Was he ever robbed by highwaymen? Did he scatter five guineas among a mob? Did he chase a dancing-master through the Strand at the point of a drawn sword? Was he pillaged by Voltaire, and would he have retaliated by quenching the light of eighteenth century scepticism? Did he officiate as cook at his own dinner parties? Did he wed Anastasia Robinson first in 1722 or in 1735? Was he ever in love with Mrs. Howard? What was Galway's, Swift's, Pope's, St. John's, Harley's, his two wives', sincere opinion of him, and his own of himself?

Biographers endeavour in vain to return conclusive answers on a multitude of disputed points, some relatively vital, many absolutely trivial, in this zigzag and motley career. Without help or hindrance from them Peterborough will continue, as statesman, soldier, courtier, lover, to occupy his old place on the borderland of fable. But a life of him will have missed its mark if it do not convey an impression of a most accomplished egotist; the determined king of his company; an inexhaustible spring of views and impulses; a brain so fruitful in combinations that they jostled and thrust one another out; a wit and enterprise eagle-eyed and eagle-taloned, equal to every opportunity or emergency in war and politics, in society and gallantry; an electric force which could never let things be; a born rebel against the right divine of circumstances, irrepressibly elastic under the most crushing defeats; a nature delightful to jest and masquerade with, less admirable to mate or work with; easier to like, even to love, than to approve; equally hard to have to do with, and to do without; a player at the game of life, for

whom thrones, armies, senates, hearts, honour, were pawns to be moved hither and thither for sport; a streak of phosphoric light trailing, full of illusions and full of charm, across fifty years of English annals; one of the most fantastically bright spirits that ever gaily dug holes for history to fill up.

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